ACADEMY CLASSICS

SELECT ESSAYS AND POEMS

EMERSON

ALLYN AND BACON

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St. Teresa's Academy.
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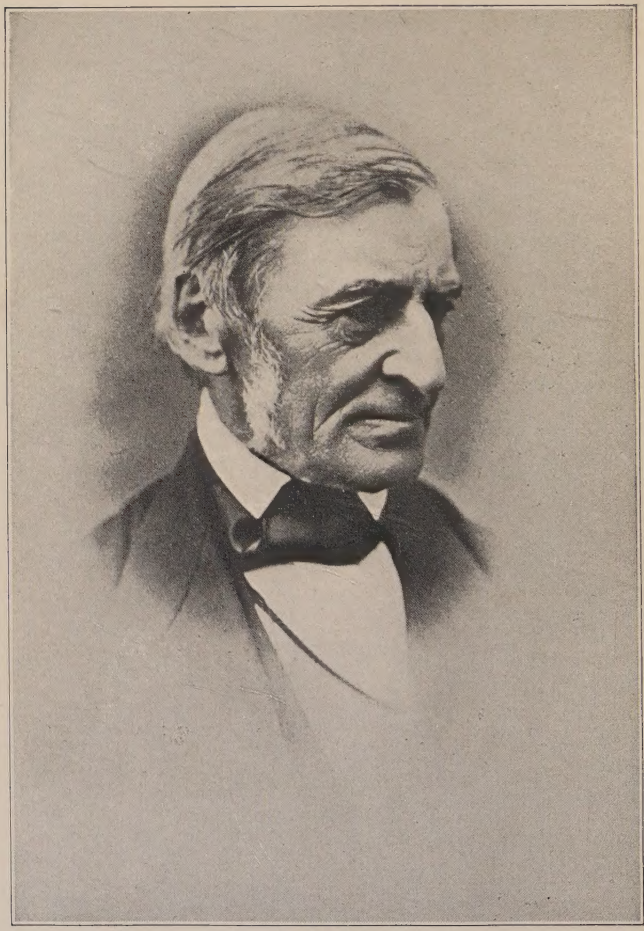

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The Academy Classics

EMERSON

SELECT ESSAYS AND POEMS

EDITED BY

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ALLYN AND BACON

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RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

1803–1882.

Ralph Waldo Emerson's first appearance in literature was made in a letter wherein his father notes, with a somewhat injured surprise, the fact that his three-year-old son "does not read very well yet," and urges the mother not to neglect the education of the little delinquent. Through his boyhood we catch glimpses of him, now "speaking pieces," mounted on a sugar-barrel in the village grocery; now toiling with the pen and with many laborious contortions of the tongue to acquire a fair and well-rounded handwriting; now driving his mother's cow to pasture down the slope of Beacon Hill; now working with his brothers to aid in the care of the house, dignifying the operation of scouring knives by composing mock-heroic rhymes,—

> "Melodious knife, and thou, harmonious sand,
> Touched by the poet scourer's rugged hand."

Those were the days of scanty means for the brave little household, the widowed mother and her five boys. There is a story that the aspiring poet and one of his brothers took turns in wearing the overcoat that was their joint possession, and that they read Greek in so cold a room that ever afterwards they associated Plato with the smell of woolen wraps.

One of the strongest influences brought to bear upon the lives of these growing boys was that of their father's sister, "proud, pious, eccentric, exacting, inspiring Aunt Mary Moody Emerson." Full of whims and oddities she certainly was. To test a young girl's moral courage, she once invited her to carry a broomstick across Boston Common. For many years she slept in a bed made like a coffin. She prepared herself a shroud, and as if in thrifty fear that she would outlive its usefulness, she wore it as a dress. She loved her nephews so intensely that she was almost fierce with them in her anxiety lest they should develop some trait that was inconsistent with perfection. She was especially troubled at any manifestation of humor,—"folly," she called it,—and I have fancied that sometimes in Emerson's writings his natural humor is kept under too rigid control by an unconscious deference to the mentor of his boyhood. She was a widely read woman, a keen reasoner, a brilliant thinker, and a clear-sighted critic,—a stimulus and inspiration to them all. "Be generous and great,"—"Always do what you are afraid to do,"—these are some of the mottoes that she impressed upon Emerson and his brothers. It is her own "Lift your aims" that comes out in his "Hitch your wagon to a star," and it is her "Scorn trifles" that helped to give to his life its calm and tranquil flow.

"They were born to be educated," said this austere and loving aunt, and in all their privations it seems never to have occurred to any member of the little family that the boys should not go to college. So to college they went, partly paying their way with prizes and scholarships and any kind of work that came to hand.

After graduating, Emerson assisted his older brother in teaching. No one seems to have remarked any incongruity in these two young men of eighteen and twenty opening a

"finishing school" for young ladies. Emerson came to his youth slowly, and perhaps he was younger at fifty than he was at eighteen. At any rate, if we may trust the memories of his pupils, both the young ladies and their parents were satisfied with the success of the undertaking. After the school-keeping, followed the study of theology, six years of the ministry, and then came the time in which he was both teacher and minister, but to a larger audience, the listeners in his lecture-room and the readers of his published writings.

A quiet, peaceful home he found in Concord, Massachusetts; and there he thought and wrote and welcomed his friends. He claimed no exemption from the duties of the villager. He went to town-meeting like any one of the "plain people." He served on the school committee with a never failing enthusiasm for good reading and declamation. After his conscientious visits, he would repeat to his family, with the utmost simplicity, how much he had learned from one school and another. In his description of the man of "royal blood," he unconsciously pictures himself in his unfailing kindness to every one that needed a friend. Rich and poor, learned and unlearned, sorrowed alike at his death — mansions and cottages were draped with black. Never, save when a man is greatly beloved, do the houses of the poor show signs of mourning.

Emerson's place in the development of the literature of his country is not a question for these few pages. He was a poet, even according to his own high definition of the poet as the interpreter of the thought of God expressed in nature. He never lost the simple love of the child for the rose growing under his window, but he felt also a reverence for its sacredness as a message from God that man should live in the present, neither grieving over the past, nor peering too eagerly into the future. A few months before his death,

he looked for a moment in silence at a beautiful rose in his garden, then lifted his hat gently, and said, "I take off my hat to it."

Emerson felt that his thoughts came to him, and those who heard him lecture say that he spoke as if he were listening, and repeating what he had heard. To picture beautiful scenes, to tell thrilling stories, to imitate human action, to crystallize into verse his love for those that were dear to him,—that was not his calling; but to keep his soul open, his heart "at leisure from itself" to receive the thoughts that should come to him from above,—that was his high vocation.

So it was that he was never inclined to join societies or parties, however much he might sympathize with their aims. Their work was good, but it was not his work. "No society can ever be so large as one man," he wrote (*N. E. Reformers*). He would make it hard for men to do wrong by making it easy for them to think right. Let those who would struggle in darkness against darkness; his work was to let in the light. Yet in his hands the trumpet gave forth no uncertain sound. His friends in the audience held their breath when he quietly and as a matter of course made his bold speeches after the murder of Lovejoy and the John Brown raid.

But he believed that God's word comes to men directly as well as through the lessons of nature, that "There is guidance for each of us, and by lowly listening we shall hear the right word" (*Spiritual Laws*). Man, as the recipient of direct communication from God, rose to transcendent dignity in Emerson's mind. One or another might have listened to the word, and so it was that he gave his kindly sympathy to all, ever a learner, ever ready to welcome any truth that might have been revealed to the simplest spirit.

He was kept from the extremes of the "reformers" of his day partly by "the innate sentiment of equilibrium" which, according to "Jules Verne," qualifies one to walk in dangerous places, and partly by his sense of humor. He did not go so far as Longfellow and burlesque his own poetry, but he certainly did enjoy keenly a wicked little parody on his *Brahma*, and he even dared to jest at the earnest Brook Farmers, declaring that when they danced in the evening, the wooden clothes-pins rattled out of their pockets.

Emerson never shut himself into a world of his own. He joyed and sorrowed intensely. His friends were to him as a part of himself. His love for Thoreau stood the test of a two years' residence in the same house. In his last days of feebleness, when even his own home seemed unfamiliar, he looked lovingly at the portrait of Carlyle and said, "That is my man, my good man."

Emerson's custom was to make a note of all thoughts of value that came to him. These notes he used afterwards in his essays, so that two adjacent sentences may be many years apart. It is perhaps this subtle distance that sometimes seems to permit us to think together with him, so slowly does he feel his way along from phrase to phrase. Sometimes his thoughts come to him in almost the very words in which he presents them to us; sometimes it is but the soul of the thought that is given him, and his materialization of it is difficult and imperfect; sometimes he seems trying to express a truth for which language has no adequate expression. No one, however, can fail to understand his message of good cheer: — Be yourself, rely upon God, and you cannot fail to be of value.

Emerson is not one of those writers that can be labeled and slipped comfortably into their proper literary pigeonholes. Call him a philosopher, and he flashes forth as a poet. Say that with him the thought is all, the expression

naught; and suddenly his diction becomes, as Lowell phrases it, "homespun cloth of gold." Say that his thoughts find their best illustration in the simple village life of New England, and lo! he has an inspiration that only the poetry of the land of "roses, wine, and nightingales" will enable him to embody. Say that his words are old and familiar, and presto! he has slipped away into some fourth dimension of the land of thought; say that they are new, and behold! he is but revealing to us the secrets of our own innermost heart. Call him poet, philosopher, puritan, liberal, — what you will, — but if you have learned to know him, you will own with joy that a message has been sent to you, and that you have been at the House of the Interpreter.

EVA MARCH TAPPAN.

EMERSON.

The Master Yankee. — *John Burroughs.*

Every American has something of Emerson in him. — *E. C. Stedman.*

The many cannot miss his meaning, and only the few can find it. — *Lowell.*

The reading of him with understanding is a mental tonic. — *Brother Azarias.*

Here comes our brave Emerson with news from the empyrean. — *Carlyle.*

All was known and familiar, as if I had thought or dreamed it a thousand times myself, and yet perfectly new, as if I were learning it for the first time. — *Herman Grimm.*

Emerson holds fast to happiness and hope. — *Matthew Arnold.*

It was good to meet him in the wood-paths. — *Hawthorne.*

Emerson was a first-rate neighbor, and one who always kept his fences up. — *One of Emerson's neighbors.*

COMPENSATION.

1. Ever since I was a boy, I have wished to write a discourse on Compensation; for it seemed to me when very young that, on this subject, life was ahead of theology, and the people knew more than the preachers taught. The documents, too, from which the doctrine is to be drawn, charmed my fancy by their endless variety, and lay always before me, even in sleep; for they are the tools in our hands, the bread in our basket, the transactions of the street, the farm, and the dwelling-house, the greetings, the relations, the debts and credits, the influence of character, the nature and endowment of all men. It seemed to me also that in it might be shown men a ray of divinity, the present action of the soul of this world, clean from all vestige of tradition; and so the heart of man might be bathed by an inundation of eternal love, conversing with that which he knows was always and always must be, because it really is now. It appeared, moreover, that if this doctrine could be stated in terms with any resemblance to those bright intuitions in which this truth is sometimes revealed to us, it would be a star in many dark hours and

1. Define compensation. What is the difference between theology and religion? What are the "documents from which the doctrine is to be drawn"? In what "might be shown men a ray of divinity"? How could a belief in compensation help men to see eternal love?

crooked passages in our journey that would not suffer us to lose our way.

2. I was lately confirmed in these desires by hearing a sermon at church. The preacher, a man esteemed for his orthodoxy, unfolded in the ordinary manner the doctrine of the Last Judgment. He assumed that judgment is not executed in this world; that the wicked are successful; that the good are miserable; and then urged from reason and from Scripture a compensation to be made to both parties in the next life. No offense appeared to be taken by the congregation at this doctrine. As far as I could observe, when the meeting broke up, they separated without remark on the sermon.

3. Yet what was the import of this teaching? What did the preacher mean by saying that the good are miserable in the present life? Was it that houses and lands, offices, wine, horses, dress, luxury, are had by unprincipled men, whilst the saints are poor and despised; and that a compensation is to be made to these last hereafter, by giving them the like gratifications another day, — bank-stock and doubloons, venison and champagne? This must be the compensation intended; for what else? Is it that they are to have leave to pray and praise? to love and serve men? Why, that they can do now. The legitimate inference the disciple would draw, was, — "We are to have *such* a good time as the sinners have now"; — or, to push it to its extreme import, — "You sin now; we shall sin by-and-by; we would sin now, if we could; not being successful, we expect our revenge to-morrow."

4. The fallacy lay in the immense concession that the bad are successful; that justice is not done now. The blindness

2. What was the preacher's belief in regard to compensation?
3. What is a fair inference from his reasoning?
4. What was the fallacy in his argument?

of the preacher consisted in deferring to the base estimate of the market of what constitutes a manly success, instead of confronting and convicting the world from the truth; announcing the presence of the soul, the omnipotence of the will: and so establishing the standard of good and ill, of success and falsehood, and summoning the dead to its present tribunal.

5. I find a similar base tone in the popular religious works of the day, and the same doctrines assumed by the literary men when occasionally they treat the related topics. I think that our popular theology has gained in decorum, and not in principle, over the superstitions it has displaced. But men are better than this theology. Their daily life gives it the lie. Every ingenuous and aspiring soul leaves the doctrine behind him in his own experience; and all men feel sometimes the falsehood which they cannot demonstrate. For men are wiser than they know. That which they hear in schools and pulpits without afterthought, if said in conversation, would probably be questioned in silence. If a man dogmatize in a mixed company on Providence and the divine laws, he is answered by a silence which conveys well enough to an observer the dissatisfaction of the hearer, but his incapacity to make his own statement.

6. I shall attempt in this and the following chapter to record some facts that indicate the path of the law of Compensation; happy beyond my expectation, if I shall truly draw the smallest arc of this circle.

7. Polarity, or action and reaction, we meet in every part of nature; in darkness and light; in heat and cold; in the ebb and flow of waters; in male and female; in the inspiration and expiration of plants and animals; in the

5. Where else does E. find the same false reasoning? Why do many accept it? What contradicts it?

7. Define and illustrate polarity. What has it to do with the subject?

systole and diastole of the heart; in the undulations of fluids and of sound; in the centrifugal and centripetal gravity; in electricity, galvanism, and chemical affinity. Superinduce magnetism at one end of a needle; the opposite magnetism takes place at the other end. If the south attracts, the north repels. To empty here you must condense there. An inevitable dualism bisects nature, so that each thing is a half, and suggests another thing to make it whole; as spirit, matter; man, woman; subjective, objective; in, out; upper, under; motion, rest; yea, nay.

8. Whilst the world is thus dual, so is every one of its parts. The entire system of things gets represented in every particle. There is somewhat that resembles the ebb and flow of the sea, day and night, man and woman, in a single needle of the pine, in a kernel of corn, in each individual of every animal tribe. The reaction, so grand in the elements, is repeated within these small boundaries. For example, in the animal kingdom, the physiologist has observed that no creatures are favorites, but a certain compensation balances every gift and every defect. A surplusage given to one part is paid out of a reduction from another part of the same creature. If the head and neck are enlarged, the trunk and extremities are cut short.

9. The theory of the mechanic forces is another example. What we gain in power is lost in time; and the converse. The periodic, or compensating, errors of the planets, is another instance. The influences of climate and soil in political history are another. The cold climate invigorates. The barren soil does not breed fevers, crocodiles, tigers, or scorpions.

8. Illustrate compensation in the animal and in the vegetable kingdom.

9. Illustrate it in the intellect; in mechanic forces; in climate. Is it better for people to live on a barren or on a rich soil?

10. The same dualism underlies the nature and condition of man. Every excess causes a defect; every defect an excess. Every sweet hath its sour; every evil its good. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure has an equal penalty put on its abuse. It is to answer for its moderation with its life. For every grain of wit there is a grain of folly. For everything you have missed, you have gained something else; and for everything you gain, you lose something. If riches increase, they are increased that use them. If the gatherer gathers too much, nature takes out of the man what she puts into his chest; swells the estate, but kills the owner. Nature hates monopolies and exceptions. The waves of the sea do not more speedily seek a level from their loftiest tossing, than the varieties of condition tend to equalize themselves. There is always some leveling circumstance that puts down the overbearing, the strong, the rich, the fortunate, substantially on the same ground with all others. Is a man too strong and fierce for society, and by temper and position a bad citizen, — a morose ruffian with a dash of the pirate in him? — nature sends him a troop of pretty sons and daughters who are getting along in the dame's classes at the village school, and love and fear for them smooths his grim scowl to courtesy. Thus she contrives to intenerate the granite and felspar, takes the boar out and puts the lamb in, and keeps her balance true.

11. The farmer imagines power and place are fine things. But the President has paid dear for his White House. It has commonly cost him all his peace and the best of his

10. Illustrate "Every excess causes a defect"; what is the remedy? What does a boy lose by having much money to spend? How can he compensate himself for the loss? What does he gain by having little?

11. Must a man pay for true greatness? Must a boy pay for

manly attributes. To preserve for a short time so conspicuous an appearance before the world, he is content to eat dust before the real masters who stand erect behind the throne. Or, do men desire the more substantial and permanent grandeur of genius? Neither has this an immunity. He who by force of will or of thought is great and overlooks thousands, has the responsibility of overlooking. With every influx of light, comes new danger. Has he light? he must bear witness to the light, and always outrun that sympathy which gives him such keen satisfaction, by his fidelity to new revelations of the incessant soul. He must hate father and mother, wife and child. Has he all that the world loves and admires and covets? — he must cast behind him their admiration, and afflict them by faithfulness to his truth, and become a by-word and a hissing.

12. This law writes the laws of cities and nations. It will not be balked of its end in the smallest iota. It is in vain to build or plot or combine against it. Things refuse to be mismanaged long. *Res nolunt diu male administrari.* Though no checks to a new evil appear, the checks exist and will appear. If the government is cruel, the governor's life is not safe. If you tax too high, the revenue will yield nothing. If you make the criminal code sanguinary, juries will not convict. Nothing arbitrary, nothing artificial can endure. The true life and satisfactions of man seem to elude the utmost rigors or felicities of condition, and to

being first in athletics? in studies? for being a favorite? for being honorable and manly?

12. What law is meant? Explain: The best way to repeal a bad law is to execute it strictly. How does E. illustrate this? How was the old law of hanging for theft "artificial"? What connection should there be between crime and penalty? Is the object of punishment prevention of crime or reform of the criminal? Does imprisonment accomplish the object? does capital punishment?

establish themselves with great indifferency under all varieties of circumstances. Under all governments the influence of character remains the same, — in Turkey and in New England about alike. Under the primeval despots of Egypt, history honestly confesses that man must have been as free as culture could make him.

13. These appearances indicate the fact that the universe is represented in every one of its particles. Everything in nature contains all the powers of nature. Everything is made of one hidden stuff; as the naturalist sees one type under every metamorphosis, and regards a horse as a running man, a fish as a swimming man, a bird as a flying man, a tree as a rooted man. Each new form repeats not only the main character of the type, but part for part all the details, all the aims, furtherances, hindrances, energies, and whole system of every other. Every occupation, trade, art, transaction, is a compend of the world, and a correlative of every other. Each one is an entire emblem of human life; of its good and ill, its trials, its enemies, its course and its end. And each one must somehow accommodate the whole man, and recite all his destiny.

14. The world globes itself in a drop of dew. The microscope cannot find the animalcule which is less perfect for being little. Eyes, ears, taste, smell, motion, resistance, appetite, and organs of reproduction that take hold on eternity, — all find room to consist in the small creature. So do we put our life into every act. The true doctrine of omnipresence is, that God reappears with all his parts in every moss and cobweb. The value of the universe contrives to throw itself into every point. If the good is there, so is the evil; if the affinity, so the repulsion; if the force, so the limitation.

13. What is the main thought?
14. What expression is best worth remembering?

15. Thus is the universe alive. All things are moral. That soul which within us is a sentiment, outside of us is a law. We feel its inspirations; out there in history we can see its fatal strength. It is almighty. All nature feels its grasp. "It is in the world, and the world was made by it." It is eternal, but it enacts itself in time and space. Justice is not postponed. A perfect equity adjusts its balance in all parts of life. Οἱ κύβοι Διὸς ἀεὶ εὐπίπτουσι. The dice of God are always loaded. The world looks like a multiplication-table or a mathematical equation, which, turn it how you will, balances itself. Take what figure you will, its exact value, nor more nor less, still returns to you. Every secret is told, every crime is punished, every virtue rewarded, every wrong redressed, in silence and certainty. What we call retribution, is the universal necessity by which the whole appears wherever a part appears. If you see smoke, there must be fire. If you see a hand or a limb, you know that the trunk to which it belongs is there behind.

16. Every act rewards itself, or, in other words, integrates itself, in a twofold manner: first, in the thing, or in real nature; and secondly, in the circumstance, or in apparent nature. Men call the circumstance the retribution. The causal retribution is in the thing, and is seen by the soul. The retribution in the circumstance is seen by the understanding; it is inseparable from the thing, but is often spread over a long time, and so does not become distinct until after many years. The specific stripes may

15. In how many ways does E. express the doctrine of compensation?

16. Define and illustrate "causal retribution" and "retribution in the circumstance." If there is a rule against whispering, does the whisperer who is not found out pay any penalty? Is such a rule "arbitrary" and "artificial"?

follow late after the offense, but they follow because they accompany it. Crime and punishment grow out of one stem. Punishment is a fruit that unsuspected ripens within the flower of the pleasure which concealed it. Cause and effect, means and ends, seed and fruit, cannot be severed; for the effect already blooms in the cause, the end pre-exists in the means, the fruit in the seed.

17. Whilst thus the world will be whole, and refuses to be disparted, we seek to act partially, to sunder, to appropriate; for example, — to gratify the senses, we sever the pleasure of the senses from the needs of the character. The ingenuity of man has been dedicated always to the solution of one problem, — how to detach the sensual sweet, the sensual strong, the sensual bright, etc., from the moral sweet, the moral deep, the moral fair; that is, again, to contrive to cut clean off this upper surface so thin as to leave it bottomless; to get a *one end*, without an *other end*. The soul says, Eat; the body would feast. The soul says, The man and woman shall be one flesh and one soul; the body would join the flesh only. The soul says, Have dominion over all things to the ends of virtue; the body would have the power over things to its own ends.

18. The soul strives amain to live and work through all things. It would be the only fact. All things shall be added unto it, — power, pleasure, knowledge, beauty. The particular man aims to be somebody; to set up for himself; to truck and higgle for a private good; and, in particulars, to ride, that he may ride; to dress, that he may be dressed; to eat, that he may eat; and to govern, that he may be seen. Men seek to be great; they would have offices, wealth,

17. Explain: We seek to act partially. How may a difficult thing be good for one's character? Is pleasure good? Ought one to avoid it or to pursue it?

18. How is the soul "the only fact"?

power, and fame. They think that to be great is to get only one side of nature — the sweet, without the other side — the bitter.

19. Steadily is this dividing and detaching counteracted. Up to this day, it must be owned, no projector has had the smallest success. The parted water reunites behind our hand. Pleasure is taken out of pleasant things, profit out of profitable things, power out of strong things, the moment we seek to separate them from the whole. We can no more halve things and get the sensual good by itself, than we can get an inside that shall have no outside, or a light without a shadow. "Drive out nature with a fork, she comes running back."

20. Life invests itself with inevitable conditions, which the unwise seek to dodge, which one and another brags that he does not know, brags that they do not touch him; — but the brag is on his lips, the conditions are in his soul. If he escapes them in one part, they attack him in another more vital part. If he had escaped them in form and in the appearance, it is that he has resisted his life, and fled from himself, and the retribution is so much death. So signal is the failure of all attempts to make this separation of the good from the tax, that the experiment would not be tried — since to try it is to be mad — but for the circumstance, that when the disease began in the will, of rebellion and separation, the intellect is at once infected, so that the man ceases to see God whole in each object, but is able to see the sensual allurement of an object, and not see the sensual hurt; he sees the mermaid's head, but not the dragon's

19. What is the main thought? How does E. prevent the repetition of this thought from being tiresome? What is the difference between *sensual* and *sensuous*?

20. If one must pay the penalty for every wrong, why do people ever do wrong?

tail; and thinks he can cut off that which he would have, from that which he would not have. "How secret art thou who dwellest in the highest heavens in silence, O thou only great God, sprinkling with an unwearied Providence certain penal blindnesses upon such as have unbridled desires!"

21. The human soul is true to these facts in the painting of fable, of history, of law, of proverbs, of conversation. It finds a tongue in literature unawares. Thus the Greeks called Jupiter, Supreme Mind; but having traditionally ascribed to him many base actions, they involuntarily made amends to reason, by tying up the hands of so bad a god. He is made as helpless as a king of England. Prometheus knows one secret, which Jove must bargain for; Minerva, another. He cannot get his own thunders; Minerva keeps the key of them.

> "Of all the gods I only know the keys
> That ope the solid doors within whose vaults
> His thunders sleep."

A plain confession of the in-working of the All, and of its moral aim. The Indian mythology ends in the same ethics; and indeed it would seem impossible for any fable to be invented and get any currency which was not moral. Aurora forgot to ask youth for her lover, and so though Tithonus is immortal, he is old. Achilles is not quite invulnerable; for Thetis held him by the heel when she dipped him in the Styx, and the sacred waters did not wash that part. Siegfried, in the Nibelungen, is not quite immortal, for a leaf fell on his back whilst he was bathing in the dragon's blood, and that spot which it covered is mortal. And so it always is. There is a crack in everything God has made. Always,

21. Why were the Greeks reasonable in representing Jupiter as helpless? Why did they excuse him for wrong-doing? What does the "in-working of the All" mean? Cf. 14. Explain E.'s

it would seem, there is this vindictive circumstance stealing in at unawares, even into the wild poesy in which the human fancy attempted to make bold holiday, and to shake itself free of the old laws, — this back-stroke, this kick of the gun, certifying that the law is fatal; that in Nature, nothing can be given, all things are sold.

22. This is that ancient doctrine of Nemesis, who keeps watch in the universe, and lets no offense go unchastised. The Furies, they said, are attendants on Justice, and if the sun in heaven should transgress his path, they would punish him. The poets related that stone walls, and iron swords, and leathern thongs had an occult sympathy with the wrongs of their owners; that the belt which Ajax gave Hector, dragged the Trojan hero over the field at the wheels of the car of Achilles; and the sword which Hector gave Ajax was that on whose point Ajax fell. They recorded that when the Thasians erected a statue to Theogenes, a victor in the games, one of his rivals went to it by night, and endeavored to throw it down by repeated blows, until at last he moved it from its pedestal and was crushed to death beneath its fall.

23. This voice of fable has in it somewhat divine. It came from thought above the will of the writer. That is the best part of each writer which has nothing private in it. That is the best part of each which he does not know, that which flowed out of his constitution, and not from his too

statement that a fable must be "moral." What is the moral in any one of Shakespeare's plays that you have read? Should you wish the play to end differently? Why? Does "a crack in everything" mean imperfection or perfection?

22. Express in one word the "ancient doctrine of Nemesis." What has this story of the belt and the sword to do with the doctrine of compensation?

23. Why does E. think there is "somewhat divine" in fable? What advantage is there in stating a law in the form of a fable?

active invention; that which in the study of a single artist you might not easily find, but in the study of many, you would abstract as the spirit of them all. Phidias it is not, but the work of man in that early Hellenic world, that I would know. The name and circumstances of Phidias, however convenient for history, embarrasses when we come to the highest criticism. We are to see that which man was tending to do in a given period, and was hindered, or, if you will, modified in doing, by the interfering volitions of Phidias, of Dante, of Shakespeare, the organ whereby man at the moment wrought.

24. Still more striking is the expression of this fact in the proverbs of all nations, which are always the literature of reason, or the statements of an absolute truth without qualification. Proverbs, like the sacred books of each nation, are the sanctuary of the intuitions. That which the droning world, chained to appearances, will not allow the realist to say in his own words, it will suffer him to say in proverbs without contradiction. And this law of laws which the pulpit, the senate, and the college deny, is hourly preached in all markets and all languages by flights of proverbs, whose teaching is as true and as omnipresent as that of birds and flies.

25. All things are double, one against another. — Tit for tat; an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth; blood for blood; measure for measure; love for love. — Give and it shall be given you. — He that watereth shall be watered himself. — What will you have? quoth God; pay for it and take it. — Nothing venture, nothing have. — Thou shalt be paid exactly for what thou hast done, no more, no less. — Who doth not

24. Which definition of proverbs do you prefer? Ought proverbs to be accepted without qualification? Illustrate.

25. In how many ways has E. expressed the thought of this paragraph in preceding paragraph? Of what books has he shown

work shall not eat. — Harm watch, harm catch. — Curses always recoil on the head of him who imprecates them. — If you put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens itself around your own. — Bad counsel confounds the adviser. — The devil is an ass.

26. It is thus written, because it is thus in life. Our action is overmastered and characterized above our will by the law of nature. We aim at a petty end quite aside from the public good, but our act arranges itself by irresistible magnetism in a line with the poles of the world.

27. A man cannot speak but he judges himself. With his will, or against his will, he draws his portrait to the eye of his companions by every word. Every opinion reacts on him who utters it. It is a thread-ball thrown at a mark, but the other end remains in the thrower's bag. Or, rather, it is a harpoon thrown at the whale, unwinding, as it flies, a coil of cord in the boat, and if the harpoon is not good, or not well thrown, it will go nigh to cut the steersman in twain, or to sink the boat.

28. You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. "No man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him," said Burke. The exclusive in fashionable life does not see that he excludes himself from enjoyment, in the attempt to appropriate it. The exclusionist in religion does not see that he shuts the door of heaven on himself, in striving to

knowledge? Is this true: What will you have? Pay for it and take it.

Illustrate: "Give and it shall be given you." What are the most valuable things a boy can give?

27. Illustrate the main statement. Can an opinion "react" on one if he does not utter it?

28. What may a company of young people lose if they shut others out of their circle? Do they gain anything? Is it better to be kind from a selfish motive or not to be kind? What would be the effect in each case on us and on the other person?

shut out others. Treat men as pawns and ninepins, and you shall suffer as well as they. If you leave out their heart, you shall lose your own. The senses would make things of all persons; of women, of children, of the poor. The vulgar proverb, "I will get it from his purse or get it from his skin," is sound philosophy.

29. All infractions of love and equity in our social relations are speedily punished. They are punished by fear. Whilst I stand in simple relations to my fellow-man, I have no displeasure in meeting him. We meet as water meets water, or a current of air meets another, with perfect diffusion and interpenetration of nature. But as soon as there is any departure from simplicity, and attempt at halfness, or good for me that is not good for him, my neighbor feels the wrong; he shrinks from me as far as I have shrunk from him; his eyes no longer seek mine; there is war between us; there is hate in him and fear in me.

30. All the old abuses in society, the great and universal and the petty and particular, all unjust accumulations of property and power, are avenged in the same manner. Fear is an instructor of great sagacity, and the herald of all revolutions. One thing he always teaches, that there is rottenness where he appears. He is a carrion crow, and though you see not well what he hovers for, there is death somewhere. Our property is timid, our laws are timid, our cultivated classes are timid. Fear for ages has boded and mowed and gibbered over government and property. That obscene bird is not there for nothing. He indicates great wrongs which must be revised.

29. How does a boy feel when he meets another whom he has injured? Which is the more uncomfortable? If the injurer is "punished by fear," does this mean that he is afraid of the other boy?

30. What is the main thought?

31. Of the like nature is that expectation of change which instantly follows the suspension of our voluntary activity. The terror of cloudless noon, the emerald of Polycrates, the awe of prosperity, the instinct which leads every generous soul to impose on itself tasks of a noble asceticism and vicarious virtue, are the tremblings of the balance of justice through the heart and mind of man.

32. Experienced men of the world know very well that it is always best to pay scot and lot as they go along, and that a man often pays dear for a small frugality. The borrower runs in his own debt. Has a man gained anything who has received a hundred favors and rendered none? Has he gained by borrowing, through indolence or cunning, his neighbor's wares, or horses, or money? There arises on the deed the instant acknowledgment of benefit on the one part, and of debt on the other; that is, of superiority and inferiority. The transaction remains in the memory of himself and his neighbor; and every new transaction alters, according to its nature, their relation to each other. He may soon come to see that he had better have broken his own bones than to have ridden in his neighbor's coach, and that "the highest price he can pay for a thing is to ask for it."

33. A wise man will extend this lesson to all parts of life, and know that it is always the part of prudence to face every claimant, and pay every just demand on your time, your talents, or your heart. Always pay; for, first or last, you must pay your entire debt. Persons and events may

31. What is the main thought?

32. Does the pupil who forgets his pencil lose anything in borrowing one? Does the lender gain or lose morally? Is the last sentence true? Ought we never to ask a favor?

33. Why cannot some one else pay your debt to others of time, or talent, or kindness? What "tax is levied" on talent, education,

stand for a time between you and justice, but it is only a postponement. You must pay at last your own debt. If you are wise, you will dread a prosperity which only loads you with more. Benefit is the end of nature. But for every benefit which you receive, a tax is levied. He is great who confers the most benefits. He is base,—and that is the one base thing in the universe,—to receive favors and render none. In the order of nature we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom. But the benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody. Beware of too much good staying in your hand. It will fast corrupt and worm worms. Pay it away quickly in some sort.

34. Labor is watched over by the same pitiless laws. Cheapest, say the prudent, is the dearest labor. What we buy in a broom, a mat, a wagon, a knife, is some application of good sense to a common want. It is best to pay in your land a skillful gardener, or to buy good sense applied to gardening; in your sailor, good sense applied to navigation; in the house, good sense applied to cooking, sewing, serving; in your agent, good sense applied to accounts and affairs. So do you multiply your presence, or spread yourself throughout your estate. But because of the dual constitution of all things, in labor as in life there can be no cheat-

popularity? What makes a man great? What makes a boy great? If a person has shown us kindness, how do we repay it in being kind to some one else? Can we be blamed if we are merely just to others?

34. Why is cheap labor dear? Why is cheap study? Why do we pay so much for a bit of steel in a watch-spring? Why do we pay the captain more than the sailor? What does the thief steal from himself? If a boy gains nothing from his study but ability to pass examinations, what does he lose? If you pay a man for good work and he gives you poor, is there any way by which you may gain

ing. The thief steals from himself. The swindler swindles himself. For the real price of labor is knowledge and virtue, whereof wealth and credit are signs. These signs, like paper-money, may be counterfeited or stolen, but that which they represent, namely, knowledge and virtue, cannot be counterfeited or stolen. These ends of labor cannot be answered but by real exertions of the mind, and in obedience to pure motives. The cheat, the defaulter, the gambler cannot extort the benefit, cannot extort the knowledge of material and moral nature which his honest care and pains yield to the operative. The law of nature is, Do the thing, and you shall have the power: but they who do not the thing have not the power.

35. Human labor, through all its forms, from the sharpening of a stake to the construction of a city or an epic, is one immense illustration of the perfect compensation of the universe. Everywhere and always this law is sublime. The absolute balance of Give and Take, the doctrine that everything has its price, and if that price is not paid, not that thing but something else is obtained; and that it is impossible to get anything without its price, — this doctrine is not less sublime in the columns of a ledger than in the budgets of states, in the laws of light and darkness, in all the action and reaction of nature. I cannot doubt that the high laws which each man sees ever implicated in those processes with which he is conversant, the stern ethics which sparkle on his chisel edge, which are measured out by his plumb and foot rule, which stand as manifest in the footing of the shop bill as in the history of a state, — do recommend to

from the loss? If the good workman is poorly paid, can he gain anything from the loss? What is nature's law of labor? Does this apply to work done by machinery?

35. How may a man's business appeal to his imagination? Does algebra, science, a foreign language?

him his trade, and though seldom named, exalt his business to his imagination.

36. The league between virtue and nature engages all things to assume a hostile front to vice. The beautiful laws and substances of the world persecute and whip the traitor. He finds that things are arranged for truth and benefit, but there is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue. There is no such thing as concealment. Commit a crime, and the earth is made of glass. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the woods the track of every partridge and fox and squirrel and mole. You cannot recall the spoken word, you cannot wipe out the foot-track, you cannot draw up the ladder, so as to leave no inlet or clew. Always some damning circumstance transpires. The laws and substances of nature — water, snow, wind, gravitation — become penalties to the thief.

37. On the other hand, the law holds with equal sureness for all right action. Love, and you shall be loved. All love is mathematically just, as much as the two sides of an algebraic equation. The good man has absolute good, which like fire turns everything to its own nature, so that you cannot do him any harm; but as the royal armies sent against Napoleon, when he approached, cast down their colors and from enemies became friends, so do disasters of all kinds, as sickness, offense, poverty, prove benefactors.

> "Winds blow and waters roll
> Strength to the brave, and power and deity,
> Yet in themselves are nothing."

36. Tell what the main thought has to do with compensation.

37. What may a boy gain from losing a race? Can he gain anything if he has no chance to run another?

38. The good are befriended even by weakness and defect. As no man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him, so no man had ever a defect that was not somewhere made useful to him. The stag in the fable admired his horns and blamed his feet, but when the hunter came, his feet saved him, and afterwards, caught in the thicket, his horns destroyed him. Every man in his lifetime needs to thank his faults. As no man thoroughly understands a truth until first he has contended against it, so no man has a thorough acquaintance with the hindrances or talents of men, until he has suffered from the one, and seen the triumph of the other over his own want of the same. Has he a defect of temper that unfits him to live in society? Thereby he is driven to entertain himself alone, and acquire habits of self-help; and thus, like the wounded oyster, he mends his shell with pearl.

39. Our strength grows out of our weakness. Not until we are pricked and stung and sorely shot at, awakens the indignation which arms itself with secret forces. A great man is always willing to be little. Whilst he sits on the cushion of advantages, he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something; he has been put on his wits, on his manhood; he has gained facts; learns his ignorance; is cured of the insanity of conceit; has got moderation and real skill. The wise man always throws himself on the side of his assailants. It is more his interest than it is theirs to find his weak point. The wound cicatrizes and falls off from him like a dead skin, and when they would triumph, lo! he has passed on invulnerable. Blame is safer than praise. I hate to be defended in a newspaper. As long as all that is said

38. How may a man's pride injure him and his defects help him?

39. Explain: "The wise man always throws himself on the side of his assailants." Can a great man be little?

is said against me, I feel a certain assurance of success. But as soon as honeyed words of praise are spoken for me, I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies. In general, every evil to which we do not succumb, is a benefactor. As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills, passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist.

40. The same guards which protect us from disaster, defect, and enmity, defend us, if we will, from selfishness and fraud. Bolts and bars are not the best of our institutions, nor is shrewdness in trade a mark of wisdom. Men suffer all their life long under the foolish superstition that they can be cheated. But it is as impossible for a man to be cheated by any one but himself, as for a thing to be, and not to be, at the same time. There is a third silent party to all our bargains. The nature and soul of things takes on itself the guaranty of the fulfillment of every contract, so that honest service cannot come to loss. If you serve an ungrateful master, serve him the more. Put God in your debt. Every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the payment is withholden, the better for you; for compound interest on compound interest is the rate and usage of this exchequer.

41. The history of persecution is a history of endeavors to cheat nature, to make water run up hill, to twist a rope of sand. It makes no difference whether the actors be many or one, a tyrant or a mob. A mob is a society of bodies voluntarily bereaving themselves of reason and traversing its

40. How only may a man be cheated? What is the "third silent party to all our bargains"? How is a man paid for serving well an ungrateful master? How does the master lose by his ingratitude?

41. How does persecution try to cheat nature? Give E.'s idea of a mob. Who are most injured by "mob law"?

work. The mob is man voluntarily descending to the nature of the beast. Its fit hour of activity is night. Its actions are insane like its whole constitution. It persecutes a principle; it would whip a right; it would tar and feather justice, by inflicting fire and outrage upon the houses and persons of those who have these. It resembles the prank of boys who run with fire-engines to put out the ruddy aurora streaming to the stars. The inviolate spirit turns their spite against the wrongdoers. The martyr cannot be dishonored. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of fame; every prison a more illustrious abode; every burned book or house enlightens the world; every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth from side to side. The minds of men are at last aroused; reason looks out and justifies her own, and malice finds all her work vain. It is the whipper who is whipped, and the tyrant who is undone.

42. Thus do all things preach the indifferency of circumstances. The man is all. Everything has two sides, a good and an evil. Every advantage has its tax. I learn to be content. But the doctrine of compensation is not the doctrine of indifferency. The thoughtless say, on hearing these representations, — What boots it to do well? there is one event to good and evil; if I gain any good, I must pay for it; if I lose any good, I gain some other; all actions are indifferent.

43. There is a deeper fact in the soul than compensation, to wit, its own nature. The soul is not a compensation, but a life. The soul *is*. Under all this running sea of circumstance, whose waters ebb and flow with perfect balance, lies the aboriginal abyss of real Being. Existence, or God, is

42. Why is the thoughtless interpretation of compensation wrong?

43. Explain: "The soul is." If falsehood can do no real harm, is falsehood as good as truth? Is it the same thing to avoid wrong as to do right? Illustrate.

not a relation or a part, but the whole. Being is the vast affirmative, excluding negation, self-balanced, and swallowing up all relations, parts, and times, within itself. Nature, truth, virtue, are the influx from thence. Vice is the absence or departure of the same. Nothing, falsehood, may indeed stand as the great night or shade, on which, as a background, the living universe paints itself forth; but no fact is begotten by it; it cannot work; for it is not. It cannot work any good; it cannot work any harm. It is harm inasmuch as it is worse not to be than to be.

44. We feel defrauded of the retribution due to evil acts, because the criminal adheres to his vice and contumacy, and does not come to a crisis or judgment anywhere in visible nature. There is no stunning confutation of his nonsense before men and angels. Has he therefore outwitted the law? Inasmuch as he carries the malignity and the lie with him, he so far deceases from nature. In some manner there will be a demonstration of the wrong to the understanding also; but should we not see it, this deadly deduction makes square the eternal account.

45. Neither can it be said, on the other hand, that the gain of rectitude must be bought by any loss. There is no penalty to virtue; no penalty to wisdom; they are proper additions of being. In a virtuous action, I properly *am;* in a virtuous act, I add to the world; I plant into deserts conquered from chaos and nothing, and see the darkness receding on the limits of the horizon. There can be no excess to love; none to knowledge; none to beauty; when

44. If a criminal is not caught, does he escape punishment? Cf. 16. Why do we feel defrauded if he is not caught? Why does a criminal sometimes give himself up?

45. If rectitude is not "bought by any loss," do we pay anything for it? Explain: "In a virtuous action, I properly am." Cf. 43, "The soul is." What does a good act add to the world?

these attributes are considered in the purest sense. The soul refuses all limits. It affirms in man always an optimism, never a pessimism.

46. His life is a progress, and not a station. His instinct is trust. Our instinct uses "more" and "less" in application to man, always of the *presence of the soul*, and not of its absence; the brave man is greater than the coward; the true, the benevolent, the wise, is more a man and not less, than the fool and knave. There is, therefore, no tax on the good of virtue; for that is the incoming of God himself, or absolute existence without any comparative. All external good has its tax, and if it came without desert or sweat, has no root in me, and the next wind will blow it away. But all good of nature is the soul's, and may be had, if paid for in nature's lawful coin, that is, by labor which the heart and the head allow. I no longer wish to meet a good I do not earn, for example, to find a pot of buried gold, knowing that it brings with it new responsibility. I do not wish more external goods, — neither possessions, nor honors, nor powers, nor persons. The gain is apparent; the tax is certain. But there is no tax on the knowledge that the compensation exists, and that it is not desirable to dig up treasure. Herein I rejoice with a serene eternal peace. I contract the boundaries of possible mischief. I learn the wisdom of St. Bernard, "Nothing can work me damage except myself; the harm that I sustain, I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault."

46. How is a brave man greater than a coward? Is it ever brave to avoid danger? How does E. express the thought, "What costs nothing is worth nothing"? What just tax is there on the man who has found a pot of gold? on the man who has received an education? on the man who can influence others? Define responsibility. Was E.'s life consistent with his words, "I do not wish more external goods," etc.? Is it any loss to us to wish for good things that we do not earn?

47. In the nature of the soul is the compensation for the inequalities of condition. The radical tragedy of nature seems to be the distinction of More and Less. How can Less not feel the pain; how not feel indignation or malevolence towards More? Look at those who have less faculty, and one feels sad, and knows not well what to make of it. Almost he shuns their eye; almost he fears they will upbraid God. What should they do? It seems a great injustice. But face the facts, and see them nearly, and these mountainous inequalities vanish. Love reduces them all, as the sun melts the iceberg in the sea. The heart and soul of all men being one, this bitterness of *His* and *Mine* ceases. His is mine. I am my brother and my brother is me. If I feel overshadowed and outdone by great neighbors, I can yet love; I can still receive; and he that loveth, maketh his own the grandeur he loves. Thereby I make the discovery that my brother is my guardian, acting for me with the friendliest designs, and the estate I so admired and envied, is my own. It is the eternal nature of the soul to appropriate and make all things its own. Jesus and Shakespeare are fragments of the soul, and by love I conquer and incorporate them in my own conscious domain. His virtue, — is not that mine? His wit, — if it cannot be made mine, it is not wit.

48. Such, also, is the natural history of calamity. The changes which break up at short intervals the prosperity of

47. How can we avoid envy of those having more than we? How avoid a half scornful pity of those having less? What can we do for those that have more? for those that have less? Which is true, "I am my brother's keeper" or "I am my brother"? What is meant by the soul's appropriating all things? Is it a loss to us not to "appropriate" Shakespeare? Can we "appropriate" Shakespeare without studying his words? How can we "appropriate" Jesus?

48. Why do not changes in the prosperity of men always help

men, are advertisements of a nature whose law is growth. Evermore it is the order of nature to grow, and every soul is by this intrinsic necessity quitting its whole system of things, its friends, and home, and laws, and faith, as the shell-fish crawls out of its beautiful but stony case, because it no longer admits of its growth, and slowly forms a new house. In proportion to the vigor of the individual, these revolutions are frequent, until in some happier mind they are incessant, and all worldly relations hang very loosely about him, becoming, as it were, a transparent fluid membrane through which the form is always seen, and not as in most men an indurated heterogeneous fabric of many dates, and of no settled character, in which the man is imprisoned. Then there can be enlargement, and the man of to-day scarcely recognizes the man of yesterday. And such should be the outward biography of man in time, a putting off of dead circumstances day by day, as he renews his raiment day by day. But to us, in our lapsed estate, resting, not advancing, resisting, not co-operating with the divine expansion, this growth comes by shocks.

49. We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out that archangels may come in. We are idolaters of the old. We do not believe in the riches of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or re-create that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent, where once we had bread and shelter and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed,

them? Is it well that "the man of to-day scarcely recognizes the man of yesterday"? Explain "putting off of dead circumstances."

49. Explain: "We are idolaters of the old." Why do we wish for friends? Why do we like to remember pleasant things that are past? Why do we grieve over what is past? How do we hear "the voice of the Almighty" in nature?

cover, and nerve us again. We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up and onward forevermore!" We cannot stay amid the ruins. Neither will we rely on the New; and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards.

50. And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances, and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden flower with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener is made the banian of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men.

50. Why not remain the "sunny garden flower"? What does E. think is the greatest thing a man may possess? the greatest thing a man can do? What new, practical thoughts have you found in this essay?

SELF-RELIANCE.

1. I READ the other day some verses written by an eminent painter which were original and not conventional. Always the soul hears an admonition in such lines, let the subject be what it may. The sentiment they instill is of more value than any thought they may contain. To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart, is true for all men, — that is genius. Speak your latent conviction and it shall be the universal sense; for always the inmost becomes the outmost, — and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the Last Judgment. Familiar as the voice of the mind is to each, the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton, is that they set at naught books and traditions, and spoke not what men, but what they, thought. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts:

1. What makes a poem conventional? Is Longfellow's *Psalm of Life* conventional or original? What is the difference between sentiment and thought? What is a "latent conviction"? What thought do you find in any play of Shakespeare's that seems stronger and clearer than before you read the play? Does E. mean that we should always express our opinions?

they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty. Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our spontaneous impression with good-humored inflexibility then most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side. Else, to-morrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another.

2. There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do; nor does he know until he has tried. Not for nothing one face, one character, one fact, makes much impression on him, and another none. It is not without pre-established harmony, this sculpture in the memory. The eye was placed where one ray should fall, that it might testify of that particular ray. Bravely let him speak the utmost syllable of his confession. We but half express ourselves, and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents. It may be safely trusted as proportionate and of good issues, so it be faithfully imparted, but God will not have his work made manifest by cowards. It needs a divine man to exhibit anything divine. A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace.

2. "Envy is ignorance" of what? How does E. express the idea of one's own ability? Does a "commonplace person" possess any power that is "new in nature"? What comfort can you find if you fail in a lesson that you have tried your best to learn?

It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt his genius deserts him; no muse befriends; no invention, no hope.

3. Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine Providence has found for you; the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the Eternal was stirring at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny; and not pinched in a corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but redeemers and benefactors, pious aspirants to be noble clay plastic under the Almighty effort, let us advance and advance on Chaos and the Dark.

4. What pretty oracles nature yields us on this text in the face and behavior of children, babes, and even brutes. That divided and rebel mind, that distrust of a sentiment because arithmetic has computed the strength and means opposed to our purpose, these have not. Their mind being whole, their eye is as yet unconquered, and when we look in their faces, we are disconcerted. Infancy conforms to nobody: all conform to it, so that one babe commonly makes four or five out of the adults who prattle and play to it. So God has armed youth and puberty and manhood no less with its own piquancy and charm, and made it enviable and gracious and its claims not to be put by, if it will stand

3. Does one fail to accept his place if he tries to improve it? Explain the second sentence.

4. What does E. mean by a child's mind "being whole"? Could a grown person's mind be "whole"? May a mind that is "whole" have more than one aim? What is the highest aim a boy can have?

by itself. Do not think the youth has no force because he cannot speak to you and me. Hark! in the next room, who spoke so clear and emphatic? Good Heaven! it is he! it is that very lump of bashfulness and phlegm which for weeks has done nothing but eat when you were by, that now rolls out these words like bell-strokes. It seems he knows how to speak to his contemporaries. Bashful or bold, then, he will know how to make us seniors very unnecessary.

5. The nonchalance of boys who are sure of a dinner, and would disdain as much as a lord to do or say aught to conciliate one, is the healthy attitude of human nature. How is a boy the master of society!—independent, irresponsible, looking out from his corner on such people and facts as pass by, he tries and sentences them on their merits, in the swift summary way of boys, as good, bad, interesting, silly, eloquent, troublesome. He cumbers himself never about consequences, about interests: he gives an independent, genuine verdict. You must court him; he does not court you. But the man is, as it were, clapped into jail by his consciousness. As soon as he has once acted or spoken with *éclat*, he is a committed person, watched by the sympathy or the hatred of hundreds whose affections must now enter into his account. There is no Lethe for this. Ah, that he could pass again into his neutral, godlike independence! Who can thus lose all pledge, and having observed, observe again from the same unaffected, unbiased, unbribable, unaffrighted innocence, must always be formidable, must always engage the poet's and the man's regards. Of such an immortal youth the force would be felt. He would utter opinions on

5. What does E. mean by doing "aught to conciliate"? Is courtesy an attempt to "conciliate"? Should one never think of consequences before acting? Has one a right to do an act that harms himself alone? How does E. express the thought, "Look out on a subject, not down"? What are "necessary" opinions?

all passing affairs, which being seen to be not private, but necessary, would sink like darts into the ear of men, and put them in fear.

6. These are the voices which we hear in solitude, but they grow faint and inaudible as we enter into the world. Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. Society is a joint-stock company in which the members agree, for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater. The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs.

7. Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of our own mind. Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the world. I remember an answer which when quite young I was prompted to make to a valued adviser who was wont to importune me with the dear old doctrines of the church. On my saying, "What have I to do with the sacredness of traditions, if I live wholly from within?" my friend suggested — "But these impulses may be from below, not from above." I replied, "They do not seem to me to be such; but if I am the devil's child, I will live then from the devil." No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature. Good and bad are but names very readily transferable to that or this; the only right is what is after my constitution, the

3. Would one necessarily be made better by living alone? What kind of liberty does one give up in society? What does one gain? Are conformity and politeness the same?

7. Are there any customs in school-life to which the "true" pupil must refuse to conform? What is meant by: "Absolve you to yourself"? Ought we to care for the opinion of others? Why is E.

only wrong what is against it. A man is to carry himself in the presence of all opposition as if everything were titular and ephemeral but he. I am ashamed to think how easily we capitulate to badges and names, to large societies and dead institutions. Every decent and well-spoken individual affects and sways me more than is right. I ought to go upright and vital, and speak the rude truth in all ways. If malice and vanity wear the coat of philanthropy, shall that pass? If an angry bigot assumes this bountiful cause of abolition, and comes to me with his last news from Barbados, why should I not say to him, "Go love thy infant; love thy wood-chopper; be good-natured and modest; have that grace; and never varnish your hard, uncharitable ambition with this incredible tenderness for black folk a thousand miles off. Thy love afar is spite at home." Rough and graceless would be such greeting, but truth is handsomer than the affectation of love. Your goodness must have some edge to it, else it is none. The doctrine of hatred must be preached as the counteraction of the doctrine of love when that pules and whines. I shun father and mother and wife and brother, when my genius calls me. I would write on the lintels of the door-post, *Whim.* I hope it is somewhat better than whim at last, but we cannot spend the day in explanation. Expect me not to show cause why I seek or why I exclude company. Then, again, do not tell me, as a good man did to-day, of my obligation to put all poor men in good situations. Are they *my* poor? I tell thee, thou foolish philanthropist, that I grudge the dollar, the dime, the cent, I give to such men as do not belong to me and to whom

so severe on the "angry bigot"? From what motives do people give to beggars? Would all beggars "belong" to E.? Would any? Is this paragraph inconsistent with *Compensation*, 47, "I am my brother," etc.? What is the strongest claim for help that any one can have on us?

I do not belong. There is a class of persons to whom by all spiritual affinity I am bought and sold; for them I will go to prison, if need be; but your miscellaneous popular charities; the education at college of fools; the building of meeting-houses to the vain end to which many now stand; alms to sots; and the thousandfold relief societies;—though I confess with shame I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, it is a wicked dollar, which by-and-by I shall have the manhood to withhold.

8. Virtues are, in the popular estimate, rather the exception than the rule. There is the man *and* his virtues. Men do what is called a good action, as some piece of courage or charity, much as they would pay a fine in expiation of daily non-appearance on parade. Their works are done as an apology or extenuation of their living in the world,—as invalids and the insane pay a high board. Their virtues are penances. I do not wish to expiate, but to live. My life is not an apology, but a life. It is for itself and not for a spectacle. I much prefer that it should be of a lower strain, so it be genuine and equal, than that it should be glittering and unsteady. I wish it to be sound and sweet, and not to need diet and bleeding. My life should be unique; it should be an alms, a battle, a conquest, a medicine. I ask primary evidence that you are a man, and refuse this appeal from the man to his actions. I know that for myself it makes no difference whether I do or forbear those actions which are reckoned excellent. I cannot consent to pay for a privilege where I have intrinsic right. Few and mean as my gifts may be, I actually am, and do not need for my own assurance or the assurance of my fellows any secondary testimony.

8. From what motives might a boy be liberal without being at heart generous? Is such liberality of value to him? Does E. mean that it makes no difference whether our actions are excellent or not?

9. What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

10. The objection to conforming to usages that have become dead to you is, that it scatters your force. It loses your time and blurs the impression of your character. If you maintain a dead church, contribute to a dead Bible-society, vote with a great party either for the government or against it, spread your table like base housekeepers, — under all these screens, I have difficulty to detect the precise man you are. And, of course, so much force is withdrawn from your proper life. But do your thing, and I shall know you. Do your work, and you shall re-enforce yourself. A man must consider what a blind-man's-buff is this game of conformity. If I know your sect, I anticipate your argument. I hear a preacher announce for his text and topic the expediency of one of the institutions of his church. Do I not know beforehand that not possibly can he say a new and spontaneous word? Do I not know that, with all this ostentation of examining the grounds of the institution, he will do no such thing? Do I not know that

9. Learn the last sentence. Why is such a man great?

10. Did it scatter Washington's force to own slaves? How would it have affected Lincoln's influence? Is it impossible for a man to "say a new and spontaneous word" on doctrines that he is bound to uphold? Can one be "bound" to uphold anything? What shall we do if a conversation does not interest us?

he is pledged to himself not to look but at one side, the permitted side, not as a man, but as a parish minister? He is a retained attorney, and these airs of the bench are the emptiest affectation. Well, most men have bound their eyes with one or another handkerchief, and attached themselves to some one of these communities of opinion. This conformity makes them not false in a few particulars, authors of a few lies, but false in all particulars. Their every truth is not quite true. Their two is not the real two, their four not the real four; so that every word they say chagrins us, and we know not where to begin to set them right. Meantime nature is not slow to equip us in the prison-uniform of the party to which we adhere. We come to wear one cut of face and figure, and acquire by degrees the gentlest asinine expression. There is a mortifying experience in particular which does not fail to wreak itself also in the general history; I mean, "the foolish face of praise," the forced smile which we put on in company where we do not feel at ease in answer to conversation which does not interest us. The muscles, not spontaneously moved, but moved by a low usurping willfulness, grow tight about the outline of the face and make the most disagreeable sensation, a sensation of rebuke and warning which no brave young man will suffer twice.

11. For nonconformity the world whips you with its displeasure. And therefore a man must know how to estimate a sour face. The bystanders look askance on him in the public street or in the friend's parlor. If this aversation had its origin in contempt and resistance like his own, he might well go home with a sad countenance; but the sour faces of the multitude, like their sweet faces, have no deep cause,

11. Why may a man be comforted when he meets much criticism? How can one establish a "habit of magnanimity"? Cf. *Compensation*, 40, "The longer the payment is withholden," etc.

disguise no god, but are put on and off as the wind blows, and a newspaper directs. Yet is the discontent of the multitude more formidable than that of the senate and the college. It is easy enough for a firm man who knows the world to brook the rage of the cultivated classes. Their rage is decorous and prudent, for they are timid as being very vulnerable themselves. But when to their feminine rage the indignation of the people is added, when the ignorant and poor are aroused, when the unintelligent brute force that lies at the bottom of society is made to growl and mow, it needs the habit of magnanimity and religion to treat it godlike as a trifle of no concernment.

12. The other terror that scares us from self-trust is our consistency; a reverence for our past act or word, because the eyes of others have no other data for computing our orbit than our past acts, and we are loath to disappoint them.

13. But why should you keep your head over your shoulder? Why drag about this monstrous corpse of your memory, lest you contradict somewhat you have stated in this or that public place? Suppose you should contradict yourself; what then? It seems to be a rule of wisdom never to rely on your memory alone, scarcely even in acts of pure memory, but bring the past for judgment into the thousand-eyed present, and live ever in a new day. Trust your emotion. In your metaphysics you have denied personality to the Deity: yet when the devout motions of the soul come, yield to them heart and life, though they should clothe God with shape and color. Leave your theory, as Joseph his coat in the hand of the harlot, and flee.

12. Why are people afraid of seeming inconsistent?

13. How does E. picture the man who fears to be inconsistent? If we injured some one yesterday, shall we forget it to-day? Why should we forget it if some one has injured us?

14. A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Out upon your guarded lips! Sew them up with packthread, do. Else, if you would be a man, speak what you think to-day in words as hard as cannon balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day. "Ah, then," exclaim the aged ladies, "you shall be sure to be misunderstood." Misunderstood! It is a right fool's word. Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.

15. I suppose no man can violate his nature. All the sallies of his will are rounded in by the law of his being as the inequalities of Andes and Himmaleh are insignificant in the curve of the sphere. Nor does it matter how you gauge and try him. A character is like an acrostic or Alexandrian stanza;—read it forward, backward, or across, it still spells the same thing. In this pleasing, contrite wood-life which God allows me, let me record day by day my honest thought without prospect or retrospect, and, I cannot doubt, it will be found symmetrical, though I mean it not, and see it not. My book should smell of pines and

14. Does it ever harm any one to be misunderstood? When people claim that no one understands them, do they mean that others think too highly of them?

15. Is it inconsistent if one is truthful one day and untruthful the next? Define *prospect* and *retrospect* as used here. What do the allusions to nature illustrate? Explain: "Character teaches above our wills." Can one be permanently misunderstood? Cf. 14.

resound with the hum of insects. The swallow over my window should interweave that thread or straw he carries in his bill into my web also. We pass for what we are. Character teaches above our wills. Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emit a breath every moment.

16. Fear never but you shall be consistent in whatever variety of actions, so they be each honest and natural in their hour. For of one will, the actions will be harmonious, however unlike they seem. These varieties are lost sight of when seen at a little distance, at a little height of thought. One tendency unites them all. The voyage of the best ship is a zigzag line of a hundred tacks. This is only microscopic criticism. See the line from a sufficient distance, and it straightens itself to the average tendency. Your genuine action will explain itself and will explain your other genuine actions. Your conformity explains nothing. Act singly, and what you have already done singly will justify you now. Greatness always appeals to the future. If I can be great enough now to do right and scorn eyes, I must have done so much right before as to defend me now. Be it how it will, do right now. Always scorn appearances, and you always may. The force of character is cumulative. All the foregone days of virtue work their health into this. What makes the majesty of the heroes of the senate and the field which so fills the imagination? The consciousness of a train of great days and victories behind. There they all stand and shed an united light on the advancing actor. He is attended as by a visible escort of angels to every man's eye. That is it which throws thunder into Chatham's

16. What is meant by a "genuine" action? What kinds of greatness appeal to the present? What is the strongest sentence in this paragraph? If one is in the habit of being truthful, why is it hard for him to be untruthful? Explain: "Act singly."

voice, and dignity into Washington's port, and America into Adams's eye. Honor is venerable to us because it is no ephemeris. It is always ancient virtue. We worship it to-day, because it is not of to-day. We love it and pay it homage, because it is not a trap for our love and homage, but is self-dependent, self-derived, and therefore of an old immaculate pedigree, even if shown in a young person.

17. I hope in these days we have heard the last of conformity and consistency. Let the words be gazetted and ridiculous henceforward. Instead of the gong for dinner, let us hear a whistle from the Spartan fife. Let us bow and apologize never more. A great man is coming to eat at my house. I do not wish to please him; I wish that he should wish to please me. I will stand here for humanity, and though I would make it kind, I would make it true. Let us affront and reprimand the smooth mediocrity and squalid contentment of the times, and hurl in the face of custom, and trade, and office, the fact which is the upshot of all history, that there is a great responsible Thinker and Actor moving wherever moves a man; that a true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the center of things. Where he is, there is nature. He measures you, and all men, and all events. You are constrained to accept his standard. Ordinarily everybody in society reminds us of somewhat else or of some other person. Character, reality, reminds you of nothing else. It takes place of the whole creation. The man must be so much that he must make all circumstances indifferent, put all means into the shade. This all great men are and do. Every true man is a cause,

17. What qualities in the Spartans would E. like? What does E. mean by saying that he does not wish to please his guest? How is an institution "the lengthened shadow of one man"? Name some of those "stout and earnest persons" whose biographies are United States history.

a country, and an age; requires infinite spaces and numbers and time fully to accomplish his thought; — and posterity seem to follow his steps as a procession. A man Cæsar is born, and for ages after, we have a Roman Empire. Christ is born, and millions of minds so grow and cleave to his genius, that he is confounded with virtue and the possible of man. An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man; as, the Reformation, of Luther; Quakerism, of Fox; Methodism, of Wesley; Abolition, of Clarkson. Scipio, Milton called "the height of Rome"; and all history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons.

18. Let a man then know his worth, and keep things under his feet. Let him not peep or steal, or skulk up and down with the air of a charity-boy, a bastard, or an interloper, in the world which exists for him. But the man in the street, finding no worth in himself which corresponds to the force which built a tower or sculptured a marble god, feels poor when he looks on these. To him a palace, a statue, or a costly book have an alien and forbidding air, much like a gay equipage, and seem to say like that, "Who are you, sir?" Yet they all are his, suitors for his notice, petitioners to his faculties that they will come out and take possession. The picture waits for my verdict; it is not to command me, but I am to settle its claims to praise. That popular fable of the sot who was picked up dead drunk in the street, carried to the duke's house, washed and dressed and laid in the duke's bed, and, on his waking, treated with all obsequious ceremony like the duke, and assured that he had been insane, owes its popularity to the fact, that it

18. Is it conceited for a boy to think himself a good scholar? How will stopping to think about it affect him? If we are made shy and silent by magnificence, where is the fault? Should you prefer to ask a favor of a really great man or a small one?

symbolizes so well the state of man, who is in the world a sort of sot, but now and then wakes up, exercises his reason, and finds himself a true prince.

19. Our reading is mendicant and sycophantic. In history, our imagination makes fools of us, plays us false. Kingdom and lordship, power and estate, are a gaudier vocabulary than private John and Edward in a small house and common day's work; but the things of life are the same to both; the sum total of both is the same. Why all this deference to Alfred, and Scanderbeg, and Gustavus? Suppose they were virtuous: did they wear out virtue? As great a stake depends on your private act to-day, as followed their public and renowned steps. When private men shall act with vast views, the lustre will be transferred from the actions of kings to those of gentlemen.

20. The world has indeed been instructed by its kings, who have so magnetized the eyes of nations. It has been taught by this colossal symbol the mutual reverence that is due from man to man. The joyful loyalty with which men have everywhere suffered the king, the noble, or the great proprietor to walk among them by a law of his own, make his own scale of men and things, and reverse theirs, pay for benefits not with money but with honor, and represent the law in his person, was the hieroglyphic by which they obscurely signified their consciousness of their own right and comeliness, the right of every man.

21. The magnetism which all original action exerts is explained when we inquire the reason of self-trust. Who is the Trustee? What is the aboriginal Self on which a

19. What is the most striking sentence in this paragraph? Is a small act important except to the actor and those who know it?

20. Of what is a king a symbol? What does a king owe to the nation, and what similar duty does each man owe to every other man?

21. State all the thoughts that you find in this paragraph.

universal reliance may be grounded? What is the nature and power of that science-baffling star, without parallax, without calculable elements, which shoots a ray of beauty even into trivial and impure actions, if the least mark of independence appear? The inquiry leads us to that source, at once the essence of genius, the essence of virtue, and the essence of life, which we call spontaneity or instinct. We denote this primary wisdom as intuition, whilst all later teachings are tuitions. In that deep force, the last fact behind which analysis cannot go, all things find their common origin. For the sense of being which in calm hours rises, we know not how, in the soul, is not diverse from things, from space, from light, from time, from man, but one with them, and proceedeth obviously from the same source whence their life and being also proceedeth. We first share the life by which things exist, and afterwards see them as appearances in nature, and forget that we have shared their cause. Here is the fountain of action and the fountain of thought. Here are the lungs of that inspiration which giveth man wisdom, of that inspiration of man which cannot be denied without impiety and atheism. We lie in the lap of immense intelligence, which makes us organs of its activity and receivers of its truth. When we discern justice, when we discern truth, we do nothing of ourselves, but allow a passage to its beams. If we ask whence this comes, if we seek to pry into the soul that causes, all metaphysics, all philosophy is at fault. Its presence or its absence is all we can affirm. Every man discerns between the voluntary acts of his mind, and his involuntary perceptions; and to his involuntary perceptions, he knows a perfect respect is due. He may err in the expression of them, but he knows that these things are so, like day and night, not to be disputed. All my willful actions and acquisitions are but roving; the most trivial reverie, the faintest na-

tive emotion are domestic and divine. Thoughtless people contradict as readily the statement of perceptions as of opinions, or rather much more readily; for, they do not distinguish between perception and notion. They fancy that I choose to see this or that thing. But perception is not whimsical, but fatal. If I see a trait, my children will see it after me, and in course of time, all mankind, although it may chance that no one has seen it before me. For my perception of it is as much a fact as the sun.

22. The relations of the soul to the divine spirit are so pure that it is profane to seek to interpose helps. It must be that when God speaketh, he should communicate not one thing, but all things; should fill the world with his voice; should scatter forth light, nature, time, souls, from the center of the present thought; and new date and new create the whole. Whenever a mind is simple, and receives a divine wisdom, then old things pass away; means, teachers, texts, temples fall; it lives now and absorbs past and future into the present hour. All things are made sacred by relation to it, one thing as much as another. All things are dissolved to their center by their cause, and in the universal miracle petty and particular miracles disappear. This is and must be. If, therefore, a man claims to know and speak of God, and carries you backward to the phraseology of some old moldered nation in another country, in another world, believe him not. Is the acorn better than the oak which is its fullness and completion? Is the parent better than the child into whom he has cast his ripened being? Whence then this worship of the past? The centuries are conspirators against the sanity and majesty of the soul. Time and space are but physiological colors which the eye

22. Define *simple*, *profane*, *sanity*, *impertinence*, as used here. Why do men often speak of God in biblical phrases, while they speak of their business in the language of everyday?

maketh, but the soul is light; where it is, is day; where it was, is night; and history is an impertinence and an injury, if it be anything more than a cheerful apologue or parable of my being and becoming.

23. Man is timid and apologetic; he is no longer upright. He dares not say "I think," "I am," but quotes some saint or sage. He is ashamed before the blade of grass or the blowing rose. These roses under my window make no reference to former roses or to better ones; they are for what they are; they exist with God to-day. There is no time to them. There is simply the rose; it is perfect in every moment of its existence. Before a leaf-bud has burst, its whole life acts; in the full-blown flower, there is no more; in the leafless root, there is no less. Its nature is satisfied, and it satisfies nature, in all moments alike. There is no time to it. But man postpones or remembers; he does not live in the present, but with reverted eye laments the past, or, heedless of the riches that surround him, stands on tiptoe to foresee the future. He cannot be happy and strong until he too lives with nature in the present, above time.

24. This should be plain enough. Yet see what strong intellects dare not yet hear God himself, unless he speak the phraseology of I know not what David, or Jeremiah, or Paul. We shall not always set so great a price on a few texts, on a few lives. We are like children who repeat by rote the sentences of grandames and tutors, and, as they grow older, of the men of talents and character they chance to see, painfully recollecting the exact words they spoke;

23. In what is "the blade of grass or the blowing rose" superior to the person? Cf. "These roses under my window," etc., with *Compensation*, 49, the last sentence. How can one live "above time"?

24. In what ways does God speak? Can one live truly without seeing truly?

afterwards, when they come into the point of view which those had who uttered these sayings, they understand them, and are willing to let the words go; for, at any time, they can use words as good, when occasion comes. So was it with us, so will it be, if we proceed. If we live truly, we shall see truly. It is as easy for the strong man to be strong, as it is for the weak to be weak. When we have new perception, we shall gladly disburthen the memory of its hoarded treasures as old rubbish. When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.

25. And now at last the highest truth on this subject remains unsaid; probably, cannot be said; for all that we say is the far-off remembering of the intuition. That thought, by what I can now nearest approach to say it, is this. When good is near you, when you have life in yourself, it is not by any known or appointed way; you shall not discern the footprints of any other; you shall not see the face of man; you shall not hear any name; the way, the thought, the good shall be wholly strange and new. It shall exclude all other being. You take the way from man, not to man. All persons that ever existed are its fugitive ministers. There shall be no fear in it. Fear and hope are alike beneath it. It asks nothing. There is somewhat low even in hope. We are then in vision. There is nothing that can be called gratitude nor properly joy. The soul is raised over passion. It seeth identity and eternal causation. It is a perceiving that Truth and Right are. Hence it becomes a Tranquillity out of the knowing that all things go well. Vast spaces of nature; the Atlantic Ocean, the South Sea; vast intervals of time, years, centuries, are of no account. This which I think and feel, underlay that former state of life and circumstances, as it does underlie

25. State all the thoughts that you find in this paragraph.

my present, and will always all circumstance, and what is called life, and what is called death.

26. Life only avails, not the having lived. Power ceases in the instant of repose; it resides in the moment of transition from a past to a new state; in the shooting of the gulf; in the darting to an aim. This one fact the world hates, that the soul *becomes;* for that forever degrades the past, turns all riches to poverty, all reputation to a shame, confounds the saint with the rogue, shoves Jesus and Judas equally aside. Why then do we prate of self-reliance? Inasmuch as the soul is present, there will be power not confident but agent. To talk of reliance is a poor external way of speaking. Speak rather of that which relies because it works and is. Who has more soul than I masters me, though he should not raise his finger. Round him I must revolve by the gravitation of spirits; who has less, I rule with like facility. We fancy it rhetoric when we speak of eminent virtue. We do not yet see that virtue is Height, and that a man or a company of men, plastic and permeable to principles, by the law of nature must overpower and ride all cities, nations, kings, rich men, poets, who are not.

27. This is the ultimate fact which we so quickly reach on this as on every topic, the resolution of all into the ever-blessed ONE. Virtue is the governor, the creator, the reality. All things real are so by so much of virtue as they contain.

26. Does E. mean that when a man dies, his having lived truly is worthless? Is it worth anything to you to-day that you did right yesterday? Explain: "Power not confident but agent." What is meant by one person having more soul than another? How does one boy gain more influence in school than another boy? What is meant by being "permeable to principles"?

27. Define *resolution* as used here. What is "the One"? What makes a thing real? Do you really possess a talent that you do not use? *e.g.*, for music? for making people happy? Cf.

Hardship, husbandry, hunting, whaling, war, eloquence, personal weight, are somewhat, and engage my respect as examples of the soul's presence and impure action. I see the same law working in nature for conservation and growth. The poise of a planet, the bended tree recovering itself from the strong wind, the vital resources of every vegetable and animal, are also demonstrations of the self-sufficing, and therefore self-relying soul. All history from its highest to its trivial passages is the various record of this power.

28. Thus all concentrates: let us not rove; let us sit at home with the cause. Let us stun and astonish the intruding rabble of men and books and institutions by a simple declaration of the divine fact. Bid them take the shoes from off their feet, for God is here within. Let our simplicity judge them, and our docility to our own law demonstrate the poverty of nature and fortune beside our native riches.

29. But now we are a mob. Man does not stand in awe of man, nor is the soul admonished to stay at home, to put itself in communication with the internal ocean, but it goes abroad to beg a cup of water of the urns of men. We must go alone. Isolation must precede true society. I like the silent church before the service begins, better than any preaching. How far off, how cool, how chaste the persons look, begirt each one with a precinct or sanctuary. So let us always sit. Why should we assume the faults of our friend, or wife, or father, or child, because they sit around our hearth, or are said to have the same blood? All men have my blood, and I have all men's. Not for that will I

Matthew xxv. 29. How is history the "record of this power"? Cf. 17, last sentence.

28. What is meant by "the divine fact"?

29. Does "awe" as used here mean *fear* or *respect*? Judging from this paragraph, should you think E. unsympathetic?

adopt their petulance or folly, even to the extent of being ashamed of it. But your isolation must not be mechanical, but spiritual, that is, must be elevation. At times the whole world seems to be in conspiracy to importune you with emphatic trifles. Friend, client, child, sickness, fear, want, charity, all knock at once at thy closet door and say, "Come out unto us." — Do not spill thy soul; do not all descend; keep thy state; stay at home in thine own heaven; come not for a moment into their facts, into their hubbub of conflicting appearances, but let in the light of thy law on their confusion. The power men possess to annoy me, I give them by a weak curiosity. No man can come near me but through my act. "What we love that we have, but by desire we bereave ourselves of the love."

30. If we cannot at once rise to the sanctities of obedience and faith, let us at least resist our temptations, let us enter into the state of war, and wake Thor and Woden, courage and constancy, in our Saxon breasts. This is to be done in our smooth times by speaking the truth. Check this lying hospitality and lying affection. Live no longer to the expectation of these deceived and deceiving people with whom we converse. Say to them, O father, O mother, O wife, O brother, O friend, I have lived with you after appearances hitherto. Henceforward I am the truth's. Be it known unto you that henceforward I obey no law less than the eternal law. I will have no covenants but proximities. I shall endeavor to nourish my parents, to support my family, to be the chaste husband of one wife; but these relations I must fill after a new and unprecedented way. I

30. Which shows the stronger will, obedience or disobedience? Can an inferior person give the highest obedience? Is this paragraph inconsistent with the fact that E. was affectionate to his family and hospitable to guests? In what one word does E. express the old English motto, "Do the next thing"?

appeal from your customs. I must be myself. I cannot break myself any longer for you, — or you. If you can love me for what I am, we shall be the happier. If you cannot, I will still seek to deserve that you should. I must be myself. I will not hide my tastes or aversions. I will so trust that what is deep is holy, that I will do strongly before the sun and moon whatever inly rejoices me, and the heart appoints. If you are noble, I will love you; if you are not, I will not hurt you and myself by hypocritical attentions. If you are true, but not in the same truth with me, cleave to your companions; I will seek my own. I do this not selfishly, but humbly and truly. It is alike your interest and mine and all men's, however long we have dwelt in lies, to live in truth. Does this sound harsh today? You will soon love what is dictated by your nature as well as mine, and if we follow the truth, it will bring us out safe at last. But so you may give these friends pain. Yes, but I cannot sell my liberty and my power to save their sensibility. Besides, all persons have their moments of reason when they look out into the region of absolute truth; then will they justify me and do the same thing.

31. The populace think that your rejection of popular standards is a rejection of all standard, and mere antinomianism; and the bold sensualist will use the name of philosophy to gild his crimes. But the law of consciousness abides. There are two confessionals, in one or the other of which we must be shriven. You may fulfill your round of duties by clearing yourself in the *direct*, or in the *reflex* way. Consider whether you have satisfied your relations

31. If one boy knows that no one in his class can complain of him, and another knows that he has done all that he could for each member, which clears himself in the "reflex way"? Which demands more care, kindness, and courtesy, the "reflex" or the "direct" standard?

to father, mother, cousin, neighbor, town, cat, and dog; whether any of these can upbraid you. But I may also neglect this reflex standard, and absolve me to myself. I have my own stern claims and perfect circle. It denies the name of duty to many offices that are called duties. But if I can discharge its debts, it enables me to dispense with the popular code. If any one imagines that this law is lax, let him keep its commandment one day.

32. And truly it demands something godlike in him who has cast off the common motives of humanity, and has ventured to trust himself for a task-master. High be his heart, faithful his will, clear his sight, that he may in good earnest be doctrine, society, law to himself, that a simple purpose may be to him as strong as iron necessity is to others.

33. If any man consider the present aspects of what is called by distinction *society*, he will see the need of these ethics. The sinew and heart of man seem to be drawn out, and we are become timorous, desponding whimperers. We are afraid of truth, afraid of fortune, afraid of death, and afraid of each other. Our age yields no great and perfect persons. We want men and women who shall renovate life and our social state, but we see that most natures are insolvent; cannot satisfy their own wants, have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force, and so do lean and beg day and night continually. Our housekeeping is mendicant, our arts, our occupations, our marriages, our religion,

32. What are some of the "common motives" that E. would cast off? Can a boy be honest because he has decided that honesty is the best policy?

33. What characters in literature seem to you especially worthy of imitation? Why? What person of the present century? Is it better to try to imitate perfection or what is only a little better than ourselves?

we have not chosen, but society has chosen for us. We are parlor soldiers. The rugged battle of fate, where strength is born, we shun.

34. If our young men miscarry in their first enterprises, they lose all heart. If the young merchant fails, men say he is *ruined*. If the finest genius studies at one of our colleges, and is not installed in an office within one year afterwards in the cities or suburbs of Boston or New York, it seems to his friends and to himself that he is right in being disheartened and in complaining the rest of his life. A sturdy lad from New Hampshire or Vermont, who in turn tries all the professions, who *teams it, farms it, peddles*, keeps a school, preaches, edits a newspaper, goes to congress, buys a township, and so forth, in successive years, and always, like a cat, falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these city dolls. He walks abreast with his days, and feels no shame in not "studying a profession," for he does not postpone his life, but lives already. He has not one chance, but a hundred chances. Let a stoic arise who shall reveal the resources of man, and tell men they are not leaning willows, but can and must detach themselves; that with the exercise of self-trust, new powers shall appear; that a man is the word made flesh, born to shed healing to the nations, that he should be ashamed of our compassion, and that the moment he acts from himself, tossing the laws, the books, idolatries, and customs out of the window, we pity him no more but thank and revere him; and that teacher shall restore the life of man to splendor, and make his name dear to all history.

35. It is easy to see that a greater self-reliance, a new

34. What qualities has the "sturdy lad" developed? Does the city boy have a fair chance to succeed? In what has he the advantage over the country boy? In what has the country boy the advantage?

respect for the divinity in man, must work a revolution in all the offices and relations of men; in their religion; in their education; in their pursuits; their modes of living; their association; in their property; in their speculative views.

36. (*a*) In what prayers do men allow themselves! That which they call a holy office, is not so much as brave and manly. Prayer looks abroad and asks for some foreign addition to come through some foreign virtue, and loses itself in endless mazes of natural and supernatural, and mediatorial and miraculous. Prayer that craves a particular commodity, anything less than all good, is vicious. Prayer is the contemplation of the facts of life from the highest point of view. It is the soliloquy of a beholding and jubilant soul. It is the spirit of God pronouncing his works good. But prayer as a means to effect a private end, is theft and meanness. It supposes dualism and not unity in nature and consciousness. As soon as the man is at one with God, he will not beg. He will then see prayer in all action. The prayer of the farmer kneeling in his field to weed it, the prayer of the rower kneeling with the stroke of his oar, are true prayers heard throughout nature, though for cheap ends. Caratach, in Fletcher's *Bonduca*, when admonished to inquire the mind of the god Audate, replies, —

> "His hidden meaning lies in our endeavors;
> Our valors are our best gods."

35. Just what do you mean by self-reliance? Is the boy who is self-reliant in the best sense in danger of self-conceit?

36. What kind of prayers are brave and manly? Is prayer for the good of all necessarily unselfish? What belief prevents prayer for a private end from being selfish? "To labor is to pray," says the proverb. When is labor prayer and when is it not?

37. Another sort of false prayers are our regrets. Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will. Regret calamities, if you can thereby help the sufferer; if not, attend your own work, and already the evil begins to be repaired. Our sympathy is just as base. We come to them who weep foolishly, and sit down and cry for company, instead of imparting to them truth and health in rough electric shocks, putting them once more in communication with the soul. The secret of fortune is joy in our hands. Welcome evermore to gods and men is the self-helping man. For him all doors are flung wide. Him all tongues greet, all honors crown, all eyes follow with desire. Our love goes out to him and embraces him, because he did not need it. We solicitously and apologetically caress and celebrate him, because he held on his way and scorned our disapprobation. The gods love him because men hated him. "To the persevering mortal," said Zoroaster, "the blessed Immortals are swift."

38. As men's prayers are a disease of the will, so are their creeds a disease of the intellect. They say with those foolish Israelites, "Let not God speak to us, lest we die. Speak thou, speak any man with us, and we will obey." Everywhere I am bereaved of meeting God in my brother, because he has shut his own temple doors, and recites fables merely of his brother's, or his brother's brother's God. Every new mind is a new classification. If it prove a mind of uncommon activity and power, a Locke, a Lavoisier,

37. Why do people sometimes cry over sufferings in books and not over those of real people? How is discontent "infirmity of will"? Is there any difference between real sympathy and "crying for company"? Do we sympathize with happiness or unhappiness more readily? Does a happy person or an unhappy one have more influence? Why? When ought one to "scorn disapprobation"?

38. How are some prayers a "disease of the will"? Cf. 37.

a Hutton, a Bentham, a Spurzheim, it imposes its classification on other men, and lo! a new system. In proportion always to the depth of the thought, and so to the number of the objects it touches and brings within reach of the pupil, is his complacency. But chiefly is this apparent in creeds and churches, which are also classifications of some powerful mind acting on the great elemental thought of duty, and man's relation to the Highest. Such is Calvinism, Quakerism, Swedenborgianism. The pupil takes the same delight in subordinating everything to the new terminology that a girl does who has just learned botany in seeing a new earth and new seasons thereby. It will happen for a time that the pupil will feel a real debt to the teacher, will find his intellectual power has grown by the study of his writings. This will continue until he has exhausted his master's mind. But in all unbalanced minds, the classification is idolized, passes for the end, and not for a speedily exhaustible means, so that the walls of the system blend to their eye in the remote horizon with the walls of the universe; the luminaries of heaven seem to them hung on the arch their master built. They cannot imagine how you aliens have any right to see, how you can see; "It must be somehow that you stole the light from us." They do not yet perceive, that, light, unsystematic, indomitable, will break into any cabin, even into theirs. Let them chirp awhile and call it their own. If they are honest and do well, presently their neat new pinfold will be too straight and low, will crack, will lean, will rot, and vanish, and the immortal light, all young and joyful, million-orbed, million-colored, will beam over the universe as on the first morning.

Is there any advantage in forming a definite creed? Is there anything like a creed in mathematics? in science? in language? in nature? Why does one see more in nature after studying botany or geology? Does truth grow, or the ability to see truth?

39. (*b*) It is for want of self-culture that the idol of traveling, the idol of Italy, of England, of Egypt, remains for all educated Americans. They who made England, Italy, or Greece venerable in the imagination, did so not by rambling round creation as a moth round a lamp, but by sticking fast where they were, like an axis of the earth. In manly hours, we feel that duty is our place, and that the merrymen of circumstance should follow as they may. The soul is no traveler; the wise man stays at home with the soul, and when his necessities, his duties, on any occasion call him from his house or into foreign lands, he is at home still, and is not gadding abroad from himself; and shall make men sensible by the expression of his countenance that he goes the missionary of wisdom and virtue, and visits cities and men like a sovereign, and not like an interloper or a valet.

40. I have no churlish objection to the circumnavigation of the globe for the purposes of art, of study, and benevolence, so that the man is first domesticated, or does not go abroad with the hope of finding somewhat greater than he knows. He who travels to be amused, or to get somewhat which he does not carry, travels away from himself, and grows old even in youth among old things. In Thebes, in Palmyra, his will and mind have become old and dilapidated as they. He carries ruins to ruins.

39. Of what kind of traveling does E. disapprove? Does he mean that he would travel for business only? Can a man "stay at home with the soul" if he is traveling? Was E.'s visit to Europe inconsistent with this paragraph? How could one visit an art gallery or a library "like a sovereign and not like an interloper"? Cf. 18.

40. What does E. mean by being "domesticated" before one travels? How does seeking amusement as a main object make one grow old? What kind of ruins does the man described carry with him?

41. Traveling is a fool's paradise. We owe to our first journeys the discovery that place is nothing. At home I dream that at Naples, at Rome, I can be intoxicated with beauty, and lose my sadness. I pack my trunk, embrace my friends, embark on the sea, and at last wake up in Naples, and there beside me is the stern fact, the sad self, unrelenting, identical, that I fled from. I seek the Vatican, and the palaces. I affect to be intoxicated with sights and suggestions, but I am not intoxicated. My giant goes with me wherever I go.

42. (c) But the rage of traveling is itself only a symptom of a deeper unsoundness affecting the whole intellectual action. The intellect is vagabond, and the universal system of education fosters restlessness. Our minds travel when our bodies are forced to stay at home. We imitate; and what is imitation but the traveling of the mind? Our houses are built with foreign taste; our shelves are garnished with foreign ornaments; our opinions, our tastes, our whole minds lean, and follow the Past and the Distant, as the eyes of a maid follow her mistress. The soul created the arts wherever they have flourished. It was in his own mind that the artist sought his model. It was an application of his own thought to the thing to be done and the conditions to be observed. And why need we copy the Doric or the Gothic model? Beauty, convenience, grandeur of thought, and quaint expression are as near to us as to any, and if the American artist will study with hope and love the precise thing to be done by him, considering the climate, the soil, the length of the day, the wants of the people, the habit and form of the government, he will create a house in which all these will find themselves fitted, and taste and sentiment will be satisfied also.

41. Explain the last sentence.

42. Can we avoid imitation? What makes a work original? In architecture what must be considered?

43. Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but, of the adopted talent of another, you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is an unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. If anybody will tell me whom the great man imitates in the original crisis when he performs a great act, I will tell him who else than himself can teach him. Shakespeare will never be made by the study of Shakespeare. Do that which is assigned thee, and thou canst not hope too much or dare too much. There is at this moment, there is for me an utterance bare and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias, or trowel of the Egyptians, or the pen of Moses, or Dante, but different from all these. Not possibly will the soul, all rich, all eloquent, with thousand-cloven tongue, deign to repeat itself; but if I can hear what these patriarchs say, surely I can reply to them in the same pitch of voice; for the ear and the tongue are two organs of one nature. Dwell up there in the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart, and thou shalt reproduce the Foreworld again.

44. (*d*) As our religion, our education, our art look abroad,

43. Would E. object to a child's imitating the writing in a copy-book? Could the child show any originality in doing this? How best may one prepare to "present" his own gift? How did Franklin and Washington prepare? What do we "reproduce of the Foreworld," if we cannot make statues like those of Phidias or write poems like those of Dante?

44. What can one pupil do to improve his class in scholarship, manners, etc.?

so does our spirit of society. All men plume themselves on the improvement of society, and no man improves.

45. Society never advances. It recedes as fast on one side as it gains on the other. Its progress is only apparent, like the workers of a treadmill. It undergoes continual changes: it is barbarous, it is civilized, it is Christianized, it is rich, it is scientific; but this change is not amelioration. For everything that is given, something is taken. Society acquires new arts and loses old instincts. What a contrast between the well-clad, reading, writing, thinking American, with a watch, a pencil, and a bill of exchange in his pocket, and the naked New Zealander, whose property is a club, a spear, a mat, and an undivided twentieth of a shed to sleep under. But compare the health of the two men, and you shall see that his aboriginal strength the white man has lost. If the traveler tell us truly, strike the savage with a broad axe, and in a day or two the flesh shall unite and heal as if you struck the blow into soft pitch, and the same blow shall send the white to his grave.

46. The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but loses so much support of muscle. He has got a fine Geneva watch, but he has lost the skill to tell the hour by the sun. A Greenwich nautical almanac he has, and so being sure of the information when he wants it, the man in the street does not know a star in the sky. The solstice he does not observe; the equinox he knows as little; and the whole bright

45, 46. What else has the civilized man lost besides endurance? What has he gained? Which is better, on the whole, to have a watch, or merely to know how to tell time by the sun? Can the civilized man regain any of the advantages of the uncivilized, and yet keep his own? How does the insurance office increase accidents, libraries overload wit, etc.? What made a man a stoic? Do you think every stoic was equally stoical?

calendar of the year is without a dial in his mind. His note-books impair his memory; his libraries overload his wit; the insurance office increases the number of accidents; and it may be a question whether machinery does not encumber; whether we have not lost by refinement some energy, by a Christianity entrenched in establishments and forms some vigor of wild virtue. For every stoic was a stoic; but in Christendom where is the Christian?

47. There is no more deviation in the moral standard than in the standard of height or bulk. No greater men are now than ever were. A singular equality may be observed between the great men of the first and of the last ages; nor can all the science, art, religion, and philosophy of the nineteenth century avail to educate greater men than Plutarch's heroes, three or four and twenty centuries ago. Not in time is the race progressive. Phocion, Socrates, Anaxagoras, Diogenes, are great men, but they leave no class. He who is really of their class will not be called by their name, but be wholly his own man, and in his turn the founder of a sect. The arts and inventions of each period are only its costume, and do not invigorate men. The harm of the improved machinery may compensate its good. Hudson and Behring accomplished so much in their fishing-boats as to astonish Parry and Franklin, whose equipment exhausted the resources of science and art. Galileo, with an opera-glass, discovered a more splendid series of facts than any one since. Columbus found the New World in an undecked boat. It is curious to see the periodical disuse and

47. Who are the greatest men of this century, and why are they great? Are men of to-day any greater because of our many inventions? Have these inventions benefited men or harmed them? Could Napoleon conquer a country by the bivouac to-day? What reason had Napoleon for the thought expressed in the last sentence? Cf. *Compensation*, 10, "For everything you gain," etc.

perishing of means and machinery which were introduced with loud laudation, a few years or centuries before. The great genius returns to essential man. We reckoned the improvements of the art of war among the triumphs of science, and yet Napoleon conquered Europe by the bivouac, which consisted of falling back on naked valor, and disencumbering it of all aids. The Emperor held it impossible to make a perfect army, says Las Casas, "without abolishing our arms, magazines, commissaries, and carriages, until in imitation of the Roman custom, the soldier should receive his supply of corn, grind it in his handmill, and bake his bread himself."

48. Society is a wave. The wave moves onward, but the water of which it is composed does not. The same particle does not rise from the valley to the ridge. Its unity is only phenomenal. The persons who make up a nation to-day, next year die, and their experience with them.

49. And so the reliance on property, including the reliance on governments which protect it, is the want of self-reliance. Men have looked away from themselves and at things so long that they have come to esteem what they call the soul's progress, namely, the religious, learned, and civil institutions, as guards of property, and they deprecate assaults on these, because they feel them to be assaults on property. They measure their esteem of each other by what each has, and not by what each is. But a cultivated man becomes ashamed of his property, ashamed of what he

48. Do you think the illustration of the wave a fair one? Is it of no permanent benefit to make a society or a class better? Are we gaining anything from the early experience of our nation? For a man to be called good, must he be better or worse than would have been the case one century ago?

49. Do we punish more severely crimes against the property or against the person? How was it in earlier times? Does a man

has, out of new respect for his being. Especially he hates what he has, if he sees that it is accidental, came to him by inheritance, or gift, or crime; then he feels that it is not having; it does not belong to him, has no root in him, and merely lies there, because no revolution or no robber takes it away. But that which a man is, does always by necessity acquire, and what the man acquires is permanent and living property, which does not wait the beck of rulers, or mobs, or revolutions, or fire, or storm, or bankruptcies, but perpetually renews itself wherever the man is put. "Thy lot or portion of life," said the Caliph Ali, "is seeking after thee; therefore be at rest from seeking after it." Our dependence on these foreign goods leads us to our slavish respect for numbers. The political parties meet in numerous conventions; the greater the concourse, and with each new uproar of announcement, The delegation from Essex! The Democrats from New Hampshire! The Whigs of Maine! the young patriot feels himself stronger than before by a new thousand of eyes and arms. In like manner the reformers summon conventions, and vote and resolve in multitude. But not so, O friends! will the God deign to enter and inhabit you, but by a method precisely the reverse. It is only as a man puts off from himself all external support and stands alone, that I see him to be strong and to prevail. He is weaker by every recruit to his banner. Is not a man better than a town? Ask nothing of men, and in the endless mutation, thou only firm column must presently appear

gain anything in acquiring property? in inheriting it? If we make a government, is it want of self-reliance to depend upon it? Is what a man has in any way a measure of what he is, or of what he has had an opportunity to become? Why are we surprised to find a man who owns a fine library ignorant of books? Why do conventions arouse enthusiasm? Is a man stronger in any way because he stands alone?

the upholder of all that surrounds thee. He who knows that power is in the soul, that he is weak only because he has looked for good out of him and elsewhere, and so perceiving, throws himself unhesitatingly on his thought, instantly rights himself, stands in the erect position, commands his limbs, works miracles; just as a man who stands on his feet is stronger than a man who stands on his head.

50. So use all that is called Fortune. Most men gamble with her, and gain all, and lose all, as her wheel rolls. But do thou leave as unlawful these winnings, and deal with Cause and Effect, the chancellors of God. In the Will work and acquire, and thou hast chained the wheel of Chance, and shalt always drag her after thee. A political victory, a rise of rents, the recovery of your sick, or the return of your absent friend, or some other quite external event, raises your spirits, and you think good days are preparing for you. Do not believe it. It can never be so. Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.

50. Is it unwise to let any "external event" make us happy? Is it wise or unwise to allow very small things to make us happy? Has one a right to be unhappy? Give a summary of this essay in one sentence.

MANNERS.

1. Half the world, it is said, knows not how the other half live. Our exploring expedition saw the Feejee islanders getting their dinner off human bones; and they are said to eat their own wives and children. The husbandry of the modern inhabitants of Gournou (west of old Thebes) is philosophical to a fault. To set up their housekeeping, nothing is requisite but two or three earthen pots, a stone to grind meal, and a mat which is the bed. The house, namely, a tomb, is ready without rent or taxes. No rain can pass through the roof, and there is no door, for there is no want of one, as there is nothing to lose. If the house do not please them, they walk out and enter another, as there are several hundreds at their command. "It is somewhat singular," adds Belzoni, to whom we owe this account, "to talk of happiness among people who live in sepulchers, among the corpses and rags of an ancient nation which they know nothing of." In the deserts of Borgoo, the rock-Tibboos still dwell in caves, like cliff-swallows, and the language of these negroes is compared by their neighbors to the shrieking of bats and to the whistling of birds. Again, the Bornoos have no proper names; individuals are called after their height, thickness, or other accidental quality, and have nicknames merely. But the

1. What is the main statement? How does E. illustrate it? Are these savages connected with us by our necessities or our luxuries?

salt, the dates, the ivory, and the gold, for which these horrible regions are visited, find their way into countries where the purchaser and consumer can hardly be ranked in one race with these cannibals and man-stealers; countries where man serves himself with metals, wood, stone, glass, gum, cotton, silk, and wool; honors himself with architecture; writes laws, and contrives to execute his will through the hands of many nations; and especially, establishes a select society, running through all the countries of intelligent men, a self-constituted aristocracy, or fraternity of the best, which, without written law or exact usage of any kind, perpetuates itself, colonizes every new-planted island, and adopts and makes its own whatever personal beauty or extraordinary native endowment anywhere appears.

2. What fact more conspicuous in modern history than the creation of the gentleman? Chivalry is that, and loyalty is that, and in English literature, half the drama and all the novels, from Sir Philip Sidney to Sir Walter Scott, paint this figure. The word *gentleman*, which, like the word Christian, must hereafter characterize the present and the few preceding centuries by the importance attached to it, is a homage to personal and incommunicable properties. Frivolous and fantastic additions have got associated with the name, but the steady interest of mankind in it must be attributed to the valuable properties which it designates. An element which unites all the most forcible persons of every country, makes them intelligible and agreeable to each other, and is somewhat so precise, that it is at once felt if an individual lack the masonic sign, — cannot be any casual product, but must be an average result of the character and

2. What is meant by "incommunicable properties"? What qualities unite in E.'s ideal gentleman? What is the "element which unites," etc.? Why does the ideal gentleman of to-day differ from the gentleman of earlier ages?

faculties universally found in men. It seems a certain permanent average; as the atmosphere is a permanent composition, whilst so many gases are combined only to be decompounded. *Comme il faut,* is the Frenchman's description of good society: *as we must be.* It is a spontaneous fruit of talents and feelings of precisely that class who have most vigor, who take the lead in the world of this hour, and, though far from pure, far from constituting the gladdest and highest tone of human feeling, is as good as the whole society permits it to be. It is made of the spirit more than of the talent of men, and is a compound result, into which every great force enters as an ingredient, namely, virtue, wit, beauty, wealth, and power.

3. There is something equivocal in all the words in use to express the excellence of manners and social cultivation, because the quantities are fluxional, and the last effect is assumed by the senses as the cause. The word *gentleman* has not any correlative abstract to express the quality. *Gentility* is mean, and *gentilesse* is obsolete. But we must keep alive in the vernacular the distinction between *fashion,* a word of narrow and often sinister meaning, and the heroic character which *the gentleman* imports. The usual words, however, must be respected: they will be found to contain the root of the matter. The point of distinction in all this class of names, as courtesy, chivalry, fashion, and the like, is that the flower and fruit, not the grain of the tree, are contemplated. It is beauty which is the aim this time,

3. Why is it difficult to put our idea of the gentleman into words? What additional qualities does this paragraph state that the gentleman must possess? Which quality seems to you the most important? Why do we commonly think of the gentleman as possessing some fortune? Is fortune essential? What kind of persons were eminent in feudal days? What was "personal force" then, and how does it show itself now? Why has the field of competition changed?

and not worth. The result is now in question, although our words intimate well enough the popular feeling, that the appearance supposes a substance. The gentleman is a man of truth, lord of his own actions, and expressing that lordship in his behavior, not in any manner dependent and servile either on persons, or opinions, or possessions. Beyond this fact of truth and real force, the word denotes good-nature or benevolence; manhood first, and then gentleness. The popular notion certainly adds a condition of ease and fortune; but that is a natural result of personal force and love, that they should possess and dispense the goods of the world. In times of violence, every eminent person must fall in with many opportunities to approve his stoutness and worth; therefore every man's name that emerged at all from the mass in the feudal ages, rattles in our ear like a flourish of trumpets. But personal force never goes out of fashion. That is still paramount to-day, and in the moving crowd of good society, the men of valor and reality are known, and rise to their natural place. The competition is transferred from war to politics and trade, but the personal force appears readily enough in these new arenas.

4. Power first, or no leading class. In politics and in trade, bruisers and pirates are of better promise than talkers and clerks. God knows that all sorts of gentlemen knock at the door; but whenever used in strictness and with any emphasis, the name will be found to point at original energy. It describes a man standing in his own right, and

4. What kind of "power" is needed to-day? How does E. describe a man of power? How can a man attain to "untaught methods"? Can he become original by aiming at originality? In difficult positions which is of more value, memory or thought? *e.g.* Hobson before Santiago? Why is Lord Falkland's maxim called "timid"? How does E. illustrate the power of a gentleman?

working after untaught methods. In a good lord there must first be a good animal, at least to the extent of yielding the incomparable advantage of animal spirits. The ruling class must have more, but they must have these, giving in every company the sense of power which makes things easy to be done which daunt the wise. The society of the energetic class, in their friendly and festive meetings, is full of courage, and of attempts which intimidate the pale scholar. The courage which girls exhibit is like a battle of Lundy's Lane or a sea fight. The intellect relies on memory to make some supplies to face these extemporaneous squadrons. But memory is a base mendicant with basket and badge, in the presence of these sudden masters. The rulers of society must be up to the work of the world and equal to their versatile office, men of the right Cæsarian pattern, who have great range of affinity. I am far from believing the timid maxim of Lord Falkland ("that for ceremony there must go two to it; since a bold fellow will go through the cunningest forms,") and am of opinion that the gentleman is the bold fellow whose forms are not to be broken through; and only that plenteous nature is rightful master which is the complement of whatever person it converses with. My gentleman gives the law where he is; he will outpray saints in chapel, outgeneral veterans in the field, and outshine all courtesy in the hall. He is good company for pirates and good with academicians, so that it is useless to fortify yourself against him; he has the private entrance to all minds, and I could as easily exclude myself as him. The famous gentlemen of Asia and Europe have been of this strong type: Saladin, Sapor, the Cid, Julius Cæsar, Scipio, Alexander, Pericles, and the lordliest personages. They sat very carelessly in their chairs, and were too excellent themselves to value any condition at a high rate.

5. A plentiful fortune is reckoned necessary, in the popular judgment, to the completion of this man of the world; and it is a material deputy which walks through the dance which the first has led. Money is not essential, but this wide affinity is, which transcends the habits of clique and caste, and makes itself felt by men of all classes. If the aristocrat is only valid in fashionable circles and not with truckmen, he will never be a leader in fashion; and if the man of the people cannot speak on equal terms with the gentleman, so that the gentleman shall perceive that he is already really of his own order, he is not to be feared. Diogenes, Socrates, and Epaminondas, are gentlemen of the best blood, who have chosen the condition of poverty when that of wealth was equally open to them. I use these old names, but the men I speak of are my contemporaries. Fortune will not supply to every generation one of these well-appointed knights, but every collection of men furnishes some example of the class; and the politics of this country, and the trade of every town, are controlled by these hardy and irresponsible doers, who have invention to take the lead, and a broad sympathy which puts them in fellowship with crowds, and makes their action popular.

6. The manners of this class are observed and caught with devotion by men of taste. The association of these

5. What does E. mean by the phrase, "man of the world"? What is more essential to the gentleman than money, and how does it manifest itself in the aristocrat and in the man of the people? What qualities make a boy a leader among boys? Is a leader always a popular boy? Cf. the last sentence with the fourth sentence of paragraph 4. Can one cultivate "a broad sympathy"?

6. Is it easy to be rude to a courteous person? How, then, are fine manners "formidable"? Why is it better policy to meet a rude person courteously? How do good manners facilitate school-life? What hindrances do they remove? What common school-rules would be unnecessary if the manners of all were perfect? Why

masters with each other, and with men intelligent of their merits, is mutually agreeable and stimulating. The good forms, the happiest expressions of each, are repeated and adopted. By swift consent everything superfluous is dropped, everything graceful is renewed. Fine manners show themselves formidable to the uncultivated man. They are a subtler science of defense to parry and intimidate; but once matched by the skill of the other party, they drop the point of the sword, — points and fences disappear, and the youth finds himself in a more transparent atmosphere, wherein life is a less troublesome game, and not a misunderstanding rises between the players. Manners aim to facilitate life, to get rid of impediments, and bring the man pure to energize. They aid our dealing and conversation, as a railway aids traveling, by getting rid of all avoidable obstructions of the road, and leaving nothing to be conquered but pure space. These forms very soon become fixed, and a fine sense of propriety is cultivated with the more heed, that it becomes a badge of social and civil distinctions. Thus grows up Fashion, an equivocal semblance, the most puissant, the most fantastic and frivolous, the most feared and followed, and which morals and violence assault in vain.

7. There exists a strict relation between the class of power and the exclusive and polished circles. The last

would the rule of turning to the right still be necessary? What connection has fashion with good manners? Cf. the last sentence of this paragraph. Are fashionable manners and good manners always the same?

7. Why should the "exclusive circles" be interested in the "class of power"? How does E. illustrate this? Is one circle any more "exclusive" than another? What are the greatest men of to-day doing? Illustrate. Why does fashion often care less for the great than for their children? How would a descendant of Shakespeare be treated? Why need the city be recruited from the country? Cf. Self-Reliance, 34, "A sturdy lad," etc.

are always filled or filling from the first. The strong men usually give some allowance even to the petulances of fashion, for that affinity they find in it. Napoleon, child of the revolution, destroyer of the old noblesse, never ceased to court the Faubourg St. Germain; doubtless with the feeling that fashion is a homage to men of his stamp. Fashion, though in a strange way, represents all manly virtue. It is virtue gone to seed; it is a kind of posthumous honor. It does not often caress the great, but the children of the great; it is a hall of the past. It usually sets its face against the great of this hour. Great men are not commonly in its halls, they are absent in the field; they are working, not triumphing. Fashion is made up of their children; of those, who, through the value and virtue of somebody, have acquired lustre to their name, marks of distinction, means of cultivation and generosity, and, in their physical organization, a certain health and excellence, which secures to them, if not the highest power to work, yet high power to enjoy. The class of power, the working heroes, the Cortez, the Nelson, the Napoleon, see that this is the festivity and permanent celebration of such as they; that fashion is funded talent; is Mexico, Marengo, and Trafalgar beaten out thin; that the brilliant names of fashion run back to just such busy names as their own, fifty or sixty years ago. They are the sowers, their sons shall be the reapers, and *their* sons, in the ordinary course of things, must yield the possession of the harvest to new competitors with keener eyes and stronger frames. The city is recruited from the country. In the year 1805, it is said, every legitimate monarch in Europe was imbecile. The city would have died out, rotted, and exploded, long ago, but that it was reinforced from the fields. It is only country which came to town day before yesterday, that is city and court to-day.

8. Aristocracy and fashion are certain inevitable results. These mutual selections are indestructible. If they provoke anger in the least favored class, and the excluded majority revenge themselves on the excluding minority by the strong hand and kill them, at once a new class finds itself at the top, as certainly as cream rises in a bowl of milk: and if the people should destroy class after class, until two men only were left, one of these would be the leader, and would be involuntarily served and copied by the other. You may keep this minority out of sight and out of mind, but it is tenacious of life and is one of the estates of the realm. I am the more struck with this tenacity when I see its work. It respects the administration of such unimportant matters that we should not look for any durability in its rule. We sometimes meet men under some strong moral influence, as a patriotic, a literary, a religious movement, and feel that the moral sentiment rules man and nature. We think all other distinctions and ties will be slight and fugitive, this of caste or fashion, for example; yet come from year to year, and see how permanent that is, in this Boston or New York life of man, where, too, it has not the least countenance from the law of the land. Not in Egypt or in India a firmer or more impassable line. Here are associations whose ties go over, and under, and through it, a meeting of merchants, a military corps, a

8. What is the derivation of the word *aristocracy?* Of what qualities in men are aristocracy and fashion results? Illustrate the third sentence by the life of Cromwell. Is it a boy's occupation or his interests that have to do with his being a gentleman? Why cannot an agreeable society be formed of all the boys living on the same street? What is meant by a man's "intrinsic rank"? Is there any connection between the intrinsic value of a book and its price? In what kind of society will a boy find a place? What is the best way for him to enter good society?

college-class, a fire-club, a professional association, a political, a religious convention; — the persons seem to draw inseparably near; yet, that assembly once dispersed, its members will not in the year meet again. Each returns to his degree in the scale of good society, porcelain remains porcelain, and earthen earthen. The objects of fashion may be frivolous, or fashion may be objectless, but the nature of this union and selection can be neither frivolous nor accidental. Each man's rank in that perfect graduation depends on some symmetry in his structure, or some agreement in his structure to the symmetry of society. Its doors unbar instantaneously to a natural claim of their own kind. A natural gentleman finds his way in, and will keep the oldest patrician out who has lost his intrinsic rank. Fashion understands itself; good-breeding and personal superiority of whatever country readily fraternize with those of every other. The chiefs of savage tribes have distinguished themselves in London and Paris by the purity of their tournure.

9. To say what good of fashion we can, — it rests on reality, and hates nothing so much as pretenders; to exclude and mystify pretenders, and send them into everlasting "Coventry," is its delight. We contemn, in turn, every other gift of men of the world; but the habit, even in little and the least matters, of not appealing to any but our

9. Why does the habit of appealing to his own sense of propriety make a boy more gentlemanly? Would it be better to have a definite code of manners for all occasions? What has a strong will to do with good manners? Define self-reliance. Does the self-reliant man ever care for the advice of others? What qualities are always in fashion? What kind of "self-content" is pleasing, and what kind is displeasing? What kind of deference is not agreeable? What is meant by a man's carrying "his whole sphere" with him? Ought a boy's "whole sphere" to be the same at home and in school?

own sense of propriety, constitutes the foundation of all chivalry. There is almost no kind of self-reliance, so it be sane and proportioned, which fashion does not occasionally adopt and give it the freedom of its saloons. A sainted soul is always elegant, and, if it will, passes unchallenged into the most guarded ring. But so will Jock the teamster pass, in some crisis that brings him thither, and find favor, as long as his head is not giddy with the new circumstance, and the iron shoes do not wish to dance in waltzes and cotillons. For there is nothing settled in manners, but the laws of behavior yield to the energy of the individual. The maiden at her first ball, the countryman at a city dinner, believes that there is a ritual according to which every act and compliment must be performed, or the failing party must be cast out of this presence. Later they learn that good sense and character make their own forms every moment, and speak or abstain, take wine or refuse it, stay or go, sit in a chair or sprawl with children on the floor, or stand on their head, or what else soever, in a new and aboriginal way; and that strong will is always in fashion, let who will be unfashionable. All that fashion demands is composure and self-content. A circle of men perfectly well-bred would be a company of sensible persons in which every man's native manners and character appeared. If the fashionist have not this quality, he is nothing. We are such lovers of self-reliance that we excuse in a man many sins, if he will show us a complete satisfaction in his position, which asks no leave to be, of mine or any man's good opinion. But any deference to some eminent man or woman of the world, forfeits all privilege of nobility. He is an underling; I have nothing to do with him; I will speak with his master. A man should not go where he cannot carry his whole sphere or society with him, — not bodily, the whole circle of his friends, but atmospherically.

He should preserve in a new company the same attitude of mind and reality of relation which his daily associates draw him to, else he is shorn of his best beams, and will be an orphan in the merriest club. "If you could see Vich Ian Vohr with his tail on! —" But Vich Ian Vohr must always carry his belongings in some fashion, if not added as honor, then severed as disgrace.

10. There will always be in society certain persons who are mercuries of its approbation, and whose glance will at any time determine for the curious their standing in the world. These are the chamberlains of the lesser gods. Accept their coldness as an omen of grace with the loftier deities, and allow them all their privilege. They are clear in their office, nor could they be thus formidable without their own merits. But do not measure the importance of this class by their pretension, or imagine that a fop can be the dispenser of honor and shame. They pass also at their just rate; for how can they otherwise, in circles which exist as a sort of herald's office for the sifting of character?

11. As the first thing man requires of man is reality, so that appears in all the forms of society. We pointedly, and by name, introduce the parties to each other. Know you before all heaven and earth, that this is Andrew, and this is Gregory; — they look each other in the eye; they grasp each other's hand, to identify and signalize each other.

10. Why cannot a fop be the "dispenser of honor"? Why is honor shown you by one person of more value than that shown by another?

11. Why is "reality" the first essential? Why is it that a gentleman "never dodges"? What is the best reason for making visits? Why do we learn more of a person on a country walk than in a parlor? Why should Napoleon care more for etiquette than Lincoln? Can an untruthful person show the highest courtesy? Why?

It is a great satisfaction. A gentleman never dodges; his eyes look straight forward, and he assures the other party, first of all, that he has been met. For what is it that we seek in so many visits and hospitalities? Is it your draperies, pictures, and decorations? Or do we not insatiably ask, Was a man in the house? I may easily go into a great household where there is much substance, excellent provision for comfort, luxury, and taste, and yet not encounter there any Amphitryon, who shall subordinate these appendages. I may go into a cottage, and find a farmer who feels that he is the man I have come to see, and fronts me accordingly. It was therefore a very natural point of old feudal etiquette that a gentleman who received a visit, though it were of his sovereign, should not leave his roof, but should wait his arrival at the door of his house. No house, though it were the Tuileries or the Escurial, is good for anything without a master. And yet we are not often gratified by this hospitality. Everybody we know surrounds himself with a fine house, fine books, conservatory, gardens, equipage, and all manner of toys, as screens to interpose between himself and his guest. Does it not seem as if man was of a very sly, elusive nature, and dreaded nothing so much as a full *rencontre*, front to front with his fellow? It were unmerciful, I know, quite to abolish the use of these screens, which are of eminent convenience, whether the guest is too great or too little. We call together many friends who keep each other in play, or by luxuries and ornaments we amuse the young people and guard our retirement. Or if, perchance, a searching realist comes to our gate, before whose eye we have no care to stand, then again we run to our curtain, and hide ourselves as Adam at the voice of the Lord God in the garden. Cardinal Caprara, the Pope's legate at Paris, defended himself from the glances of Napoleon by an immense pair of green specta-

cles. Napoleon remarked them, and speedily managed to rally them off: and yet Napoleon, in his turn, was not great enough, with eight hundred thousand troops at his back, to face a pair of free-born eyes, but fenced himself with etiquette, and within triple barriers of reserve: and, as all the world knows from Madame de Staël, was wont, when he found himself observed, to discharge his face of all expression. But emperors and rich men are by no means the most skillful masters of good manners. No rent-roll nor army-list can dignify skulking and dissimulation; and the first point of courtesy must always be truth, as really all the forms of good-breeding point that way.

12. I have just been reading, in Mr. Hazlitt's translation, Montaigne's account of his journey into Italy, and am struck with nothing more agreeably than the self-respecting fashions of the time. His arrival in each place, the arrival of a gentleman of France, is an event of some consequence. Wherever he goes, he pays a visit to whatever prince or gentleman of note resides upon his road, as a duty to himself and to civilization. When he leaves any house in which he has lodged for a few weeks, he causes his arms to be painted and hung up as a perpetual sign to the house, as was the custom of gentlemen.

13. The complement of this graceful self-respect, and that of all the points of good breeding I most require and insist upon, is deference. I like that every chair should

12. Did Montaigne "put on airs"?

13. Is it honest to show deference to one whom you do not think your superior? Can every one show himself a king? What qualities in a gentleman would prevent "noise"? What qualities in a lady would make her "serene"? Ought we to be interested in all the petty details about our friends? What is the difference between hurry and haste? May a man be courteous without intellectual cultivation?

be a throne, and hold a king. I prefer a tendency to stateliness to an excess of fellowship. Let the incommunicable objects of nature and the metaphysical isolation of man teach us independence. Let us not be too much acquainted. I would have a man enter his house through a hall filled with heroic and sacred sculptures, that he might not want the hint of tranquillity and self-poise. We should meet each morning as from foreign countries, and, spending the day together, should depart at night as into foreign countries. In all things I would have the island of a man inviolate. Let us sit apart as the gods, talking from peak to peak all around Olympus. No degree of affection need invade this religion. This is myrrh and rosemary to keep the other sweet. Lovers should guard their strangeness. If they forgive too much, all slides into confusion and meanness. It is easy to push this deference to a Chinese etiquette, but coolness and absence of heat and haste indicate fine qualities. A gentleman makes no noise; a lady is serene. Proportionate is our disgust at those invaders who fill a studious house with blast and running, to secure some paltry convenience. Not less I dislike a low sympathy of each with his neighbor's needs. Must we have a good understanding with one another's palates? as foolish people who have lived long together know when each wants salt or sugar. I pray my companion, if he wishes for bread, to ask me for bread, and if he wishes for sassafras or arsenic, to ask me for them, and not to hold out his plate, as if I knew already. Every natural function can be dignified by deliberation and privacy. Let us leave hurry to slaves. The compliments and ceremonies of our breeding should signify, however remotely, the recollection of the grandeur of our destiny.

14. The flower of courtesy does not very well bide handling, but if we dare to open another leaf and explore what

parts go to its conformation, we shall find also an intellectual quality. To the leaders of men, the brain as well as the flesh and the heart must furnish a proportion. Defect in manners is usually the defect of fine perceptions. Men are too coarsely made for the delicacy of beautiful carriage and customs. It is not quite sufficient to good breeding, a union of kindness and independence. We imperatively require a perception of, and a homage to beauty in our companions. Other virtues are in request in the field and workyard, but a certain degree of taste is not to be spared in those we sit with. I could better eat with one who did not respect the truth or the laws than with a sloven and unpresentable person. Moral qualities rule the world, but at short distances the senses are despotic. The same discrimination of fit and fair runs out, if with less rigor, into all parts of life. The average spirit of the energetic class is good sense acting under certain limitations and to certain ends. It entertains every natural gift. Social in its nature, it respects everything which tends to unite men. It delights in measure. The love of beauty is mainly the love of measure or proportion. The person who screams, or uses the superlative degree, or converses with heat, puts whole drawing-rooms to flight. If you wish to be loved, love measure. You must have genius or a prodigious usefulness, if you will hide the want of measure. This perception comes in to polish and perfect the parts of the social instrument. Society will pardon much to genius

14. What three qualities does E. think a leader must possess? Cf. 5, last sentence. Can "fine perceptions" be cultivated? To what kinds of beauty should homage be paid? What has good sense to do with moderation? Why do we avoid "the person who screams," etc.? Can you judge a person by noticing what he laughs at? Is society necessarily conventional? What is the derivation of *conventional?* What is E.'s idea of "good fellowship"?

and special gifts, but, being in its nature a convention, it loves what is conventional, or what belongs to coming together. That makes the good and bad of manners, namely, what helps or hinders fellowship. For fashion is not good sense absolute, but relative; not good sense private, but good sense entertaining company. It hates corners and sharp points of character, hates quarrelsome, egotistical, solitary, and gloomy people; hates whatever can interfere with total blending of parties; whilst it values all peculiarities as in the highest degree refreshing, which can consist with good fellowship. And besides the general infusion of wit to heighten civility, the direct splendor of intellectual power is ever welcome in fine society as the costliest addition to its rule and its credit.

15. The dry light must shine in to adorn our festival, but it must be tempered and shaded, or that will also offend. Accuracy is essential to beauty, and quick perceptions to politeness, but not too quick perceptions. One may be too punctual and too precise. He must leave the omniscience of business at the door, when he comes into the palace of beauty. Society loves creole natures, and sleepy, languishing manners, so that they cover sense, grace, and good-will; the air of drowsy strength which disarms criticism, perhaps because such a person seems to reserve himself for the best of the game, and not spend himself on surfaces; an ignoring eye, which does not see the annoyances, shifts, and inconveniences that cloud the brow and smother the voice of the sensitive.

16. Therefore, besides personal force and so much per-

15. How may accuracy become an annoyance? In what respects would E. wish people to have an "ignoring eye," and in what to have an observing eye? Cf. 16, first sentence.

16. Define good-nature. What is the difference between insight and intelligence? How may one be a success in society? What

ception as constitutes unerring taste, society demands in its patrician class another element already intimated, which it significantly terms good-nature, expressing all degrees of generosity, from the lowest willingness and faculty to oblige, up to the heights of magnanimity and love. Insight we must have, or we shall run against one another and miss the way to our food; but intellect is selfish and barren. The secret of success in society, is a certain heartiness and sympathy. A man who is not happy in the company cannot find any word in his memory that will fit the occasion. All his information is a little impertinent. A man who is happy there, finds in every turn of the conversation equally lucky occasions for the introduction of that which he has to say. The favorites of society and what it calls *whole souls*, are able men and of more spirit than wit, who have no uncomfortable egotism, but who exactly fill the hour and the company; contented and contenting, at a marriage or a funeral, a ball or a jury, a water-party or a shooting-match. England, which is rich in gentlemen, furnished, in the beginning of the present century, a good model of that genius which the world loves, in Mr. Fox, who added to his great abilities the most social disposition and real love of men. Parliamentary history has few better passages than the debate in which Burke and Fox separated in the House of Commons; when Fox urged on his old friend the claims of old friendship with such tenderness that the house was moved to tears. Another anecdote is so close to my matter that I must hazard the story. A tradesman who had long dunned him for a note of three hundred guineas, found him one day counting gold, and demanded payment: — "No," said Fox, "I owe this money to Sheridan; it is a debt of

is E.'s idea of a social favorite? What thoughts of E. does the second story of Fox illustrate?

honor; if an accident should happen to me, he has nothing to show." "Then," said the creditor, "I change my debt into a debt of honor," and tore the note in pieces. Fox thanked the man for his confidence and paid him, saying, "his debt was of older standing, and Sheridan must wait." Lover of liberty, friend of the Hindoo, friend of the African slave, he possessed a great personal popularity; and Napoleon said of him on the occasion of his visit to Paris, in 1805, "Mr. Fox will always hold the first place in an assembly at the Tuileries."

17. We may easily seem ridiculous in our eulogy of courtesy whenever we insist on benevolence as its foundation. The painted phantasm Fashion rises to cast a species of derision on what we say. But I will neither be driven from some allowance to Fashion as a symbolic institution, nor from the belief that love is the basis of courtesy. We must obtain *that*, if we can; but by all means we must affirm *this*. Life owes much of its spirit to these sharp contrasts. Fashion, which affects to be honor, is often, in all men's experience, only a ballroom code. Yet, so long as it is the highest circle, in the imagination of the best heads on the planet, there is something necessary and excellent in it; for it is not to be supposed that men have agreed to be the dupes of anything preposterous; and the respect which these mysteries inspire in the most rude and sylvan characters, and the curiosity with which details of high life are read, betray the universality of the love of cultivated manners. I know that a comic disparity would be felt, if we should enter the acknowledged "first circles" and apply these terrific standards of justice, beauty, and benefit, to

17. Why is love, or benevolence, the basis of courtesy? Is the "love of cultivated manners" universal? Why does E. find something good in fashion? What second-rate claims will fashion admit? Of such claims which is the strongest?

the individuals actually found there. Monarchs and heroes, sages and lovers, these gallants are not. Fashion has many classes and many rules of probation and admission, and not the best alone. There is not only the right of conquest which genius pretends, — the individual demonstrating his natural aristocracy best of the best; — but less claims will pass for the time; for Fashion loves lions, and points, like Circe, to her horned company. This gentleman is this afternoon arrived from Denmark; and this is my Lord Ride, who came yesterday from Bagdad; here is Captain Friese, from Cape Turnagain; and Captain Symmes, from the interior of the earth; and Monsieur Jovaire, who came down this morning in a balloon; Mr. Hobnail, the reformer; and Reverend Jul Bat, who has converted the whole torrid zone in his Sunday-school; and Signor Torre del Greco, who extinguished Vesuvius by pouring into it the Bay of Naples; Spahi, the Persian ambassador; and Tul Wil Shan, the exiled nabob of Nepaul, whose saddle is the new moon. But these are monsters of one day, and to-morrow will be dismissed to their holes and dens; for in these rooms every chair is waited for. The artist, the scholar, and, in general, the clerisy, wins its way up into these places, and gets represented here, somewhat on this footing of conquest. Another mode is to pass through all the degrees, spending a year and a day in St. Michael's Square, being steeped in Cologne water, and perfumed, and dined, and introduced, and properly grounded in all the biography and politics and anecdotes of the boudoirs.

18. Yet these fineries may have grace and wit. Let there be grotesque sculpture about the gates and offices of temples. Let the creed and commandments even have the

18. To what does E. compare the "grotesque sculptures," and to what the temples? How is parody "homage," *e.g.* a parody of a poem? What qualities must service possess to be noble? If

saucy homage of parody. The forms of politeness universally express benevolence in superlative degrees. What if they are in the mouths of selfish men, and used as means of selfishness? What if the false gentleman almost bows the true out of the world? What if the false gentleman contrives so to address his companion, as civilly to exclude all others from his discourse, and also to make them feel excluded? Real service will not lose its nobleness. All generosity is not merely French and sentimental; nor is it to be concealed, that living blood and a passion of kindness does at last distinguish God's gentleman from Fashion's. The epitaph of Sir Jenkin Grout is not wholly unintelligible to the present age. "Here lies Sir Jenkin Grout, who loved his friend and persuaded his enemy: what his mouth ate, his hand paid for: what his servants robbed, he restored: if a woman gave him pleasure, he supported her in pain: he never forgot his children: and whoso touched his finger, drew after it his whole body." Even the line of heroes is not utterly extinct. There is still ever some admirable person in plain clothes standing on the wharf, who jumps in to rescue a drowning man; there is still some absurd inventor of charities; some guide and comforter of runaway slaves; some friend of Poland; some Philhellene; some fanatic who plants shade-trees for the second and third generation, and orchards when he is grown old; some well-concealed piety; some just man happy in an ill-fame; some youth ashamed of the favors of fortune, and impatiently casting them on other shoulders. And these are the centers of society, on which it returns for fresh impulses. These are the creators of Fashion, which is an attempt to

fashion sometimes admits both the real and the false gentleman, how is the real one finally distinguished? Cf. 17, sentence 3. What was Washington's preparation for being commander-in-chief? What kinds of men does E. regard as heroes?

organize beauty of behavior. The beautiful and the generous are, in the theory, the doctors and apostles of this church; Scipio, and the Cid, and Sir Philip Sidney, and Washington, and every pure and valiant heart who worshiped beauty by word and by deed. The persons who constitute the natural aristocracy are not found in the actual aristocracy, or only on its edge; as the chemical energy of the spectrum is found to be greatest just outside of the spectrum. Yet that is the infirmity of the seneschals, who do not know their sovereign when he appears. The theory of society supposes the existence and sovereignty of these. It divines afar off their coming. It says with the elder gods, —

> "As Heaven and Earth are fairer far
> Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once chiefs;
> And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth,
> In form and shape compact and beautiful;
> So, on our heels a fresh perfection treads;
> A power, more strong in beauty, born of us,
> And fated to excel us, as we pass
> In glory that old Darkness:
> —— for, 'tis the eternal law,
> That first in beauty shall be first in might."

19. Therefore, within the ethnical circle of good society, there is a narrower and higher circle, concentration of its light, and flower of courtesy, to which there is always a

19. Who compose the "purest circle of aristocracy in Europe"? Is *aristocracy* used here in its original sense? Illustrate the comparison between Scott and Shakespeare. In the sentence, "Once or twice," etc., what does E. show to be his idea of the cause of fine manners? Can one consciously acquire a beautiful character? Can one consciously be a hero? Why does a picture of natural scenery generally require human beings or suggestions of them to be satisfactory?

tacit appeal of pride and reference, as to its inner and imperial court, the parliament of love and chivalry. And this is constituted of those persons in whom heroic dispositions are native, with the love of beauty, the delight in society, and the power to embellish the passing day. If the individuals who compose the purest circles of aristocracy in Europe, the guarded blood of centuries, should pass in review, in such manner as that we could at leisure and critically inspect their behavior, we might find no gentleman and no lady; for, although excellent specimens of courtesy and high-breeding would gratify us in the assemblage, in the particulars we should detect offense. Because elegance comes of no breeding, but of birth. There must be romance of character, or the most fastidious exclusion of impertinencies will not avail. It must be genius which takes that direction; it must be not courteous, but courtesy. High behavior is as rare in fiction as it is in fact. Scott is praised for the fidelity with which he painted the demeanor and conversation of the superior classes. Certainly, kings and queens, nobles and great ladies, had some right to complain of the absurdity that had been put in their mouths before the days of Waverley: but neither does Scott's dialogue bear criticism. His lords brave each other in smart epigrammatic speeches, but the dialogue is in costume, and does not please on the second reading; it is not warm with life. In Shakespeare alone, the speakers do not strut and bridle, the dialogue is easily great, and he adds to so many titles that of being the best-bred man in England, and in Christendom. Once or twice in a lifetime we are permitted to enjoy the charm of noble manners, in the presence of a man or woman who have no bar in their nature, but whose character emanates freely in their word and gesture. A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form: it gives a higher

pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts. A man is but a little thing in the midst of the objects of nature, yet, by the moral quality radiating from his countenance, he may abolish all considerations of magnitude, and in his manners equal the majesty of the world. I have seen an individual, whose manners, though wholly within the conventions of elegant society, were never learned there, but were original and commanding, and held out protection and prosperity; one who did not need the aid of a court-suit, but carried the holiday in his eye; who exhilarated the fancy by flinging wide the doors of new modes of existence; who shook off the captivity of etiquette, with happy, spirited bearing, good-natured and free as Robin Hood; yet with the port of an emperor, if need be, — calm, serious, and fit to stand the gaze of millions.

20. The open air and the fields, the street and public chambers, are the places where Man executes his will; let him yield or divide the scepter at the door of the house. Woman, with her instinct of behavior, instantly detects in man a love of trifles, any coldness or imbecility, or, in short, any want of that large, flowing, and magnanimous deportment which is indispensable as an exterior in the hall. Our American institutions have been friendly to her, and at this moment I esteem it a chief felicity of this country, that it excels in women. A certain awkward consciousness of inferiority in the men, may give rise to the new chivalry

(20.) What can raise a woman into "heroical and godlike regions"? What qualities in the ideal woman do Minerva, Juno, and Polymnia typify? Can a schoolgirl show how she expects to be treated? What qualities make a woman able to meet all kinds of people acceptably? How did the Persian *Lilla* make people noble? Who is liked better, the girl who tries to shine, or the one who tries to show the best points in other girls? Why do not all imitate the favorite? How can a girl be a benefactor to other girls?

in behalf of Women's Rights. Certainly, let her be as much better placed in the laws and in social forms as the most zealous reformer can ask, but I confide so entirely in her inspiring and musical nature, that I believe only herself can show us how she shall be served. The wonderful generosity of her sentiments raises her at times into heroical and godlike regions, and verifies the pictures of Minerva, Juno, or Polymnia; and, by the firmness with which she treads her upward path, she convinces the coarsest calculators that another road exists than that which their feet know. But besides those who make good in our imagination the place of muses and of Delphic Sibyls, are there not women who fill our vase with wine and roses to the brim, so that the wine runs over and fills the house with perfume; who inspire us with courtesy; who unloose our tongues, and we speak; who anoint our eyes, and we see? We say things we never thought to have said; for once, our walls of habitual reserve vanished and left us at large; we were children playing with children in a wide field of flowers. Steep us, we cried, in these influences, for days, for weeks, and we shall be sunny poets, and will write out in many-colored words the romance that you are. Was it Hafiz or Firdousi that said of his Persian Lilla, "She was an elemental force, and astonished me by her amount of life, when I saw her day after day radiating, every instant, redundant joy and grace on all around her. She was a solvent powerful to reconcile all heterogeneous persons into one society; like air or water, an element of such a great range of affinities that it combines readily with a thousand substances. Where she is present, all others will be more than they are wont. She was a unit and whole, so that whatsoever she did became her. She had too much sympathy and desire to please than that you could say her manners were marked with dignity, yet no princess could surpass her clear and

erect demeanor on each occasion. She did not study the Persian grammar nor the books of the seven poets, but all the poems of the seven seemed to be written upon her. For though the bias of her nature was not to thought, but to sympathy, yet was she so perfect in her own nature as to meet intellectual persons by the fullness of her heart, warming them by her sentiments; believing, as she did, that by dealing nobly with all, all would show themselves noble."

21. I know that this Byzantine pile of chivalry or Fashion, which seems so fair and picturesque to those who look at the contemporary facts for science or for entertainment, is not equally pleasant to all spectators. The constitution of our society makes it a giant's castle to the ambitious youth who have not found their names enrolled in its Golden Book, and whom it has excluded from its coveted honors and privileges. They have yet to learn that its seeming grandeur is shadowy and relative; it is great by their allowance; its proudest gates will fly open at the approach of their courage and virtue. For the present distress, however, of those who are predisposed to suffer from the tyrannies of this caprice, there are easy remedies. To remove your residence a couple of miles, or at most four, will commonly relieve the most extreme susceptibility. For the advantages which fashion values are plants which thrive in very confined localities, in a few streets, namely. Out of this precinct they go for nothing; are of no use in the farm, in the forest, in the market, in war, in the nuptial society, in the literary or scientific circle, at sea, in friendship, in the heaven of thought or virtue.

21. Do you see any sarcasm in this paragraph? Does E. use the word *fashion* in its higher or its lower sense in this paragraph?

22. But we have lingered long enough in these painted courts. The worth of the thing signified must vindicate our taste for the emblem. Everything that is called fashion and courtesy humbles itself before the cause and fountain of honor, creator of titles and dignities, namely, the heart of love. This is the royal blood, this the fire which, in all countries and contingencies, will work after its kind, and conquer and expand all that approaches it. This gives new meanings to every fact. This impoverishes the rich, suffering no grandeur but its own. What *is* rich? Are you rich enough to help anybody? to succor the unfashionable and the eccentric? rich enough to make the Canadian in his wagon, the itinerant with his consul's paper which commends him "To the charitable," the swarthy Italian with his few broken words of English, the lame pauper hunted by overseers from town to town, even the poor insane or besotted wreck of man or woman, feel the noble exception of your presence and your house from the general bleakness and stoniness; to make such feel that they were greeted with a voice which made them both remember and hope? What is vulgar, but to refuse the claim on acute and conclusive reasons? What is gentle, but to allow it, and give their heart and yours one holiday from the national caution? Without the rich heart, wealth is an ugly beggar. The King of Schiraz could not afford to be so bountiful as the poor Osman who dwelt at his gate. Osman had a humanity so broad and deep, that although his speech was so bold and free with the Koran as to disgust all the dervishes, yet was there never a poor outcast, eccen-

22. What does E. think is the foundation of all greatness? What is E.'s idea of wealth? vulgarity? true gentility? What could Osman give that the king could not? Is it wise to sympathize with foolish people? Is it easier to sympathize with joy or sorrow? Why? What does wealth "without the rich heart" beg?

tric, or insane man, some fool who had cut off his beard, or who had been mutilated under a vow, or had a pet madness in his brain, but fled at once to him; that great heart lay there so sunny and hospitable in the center of the country, that it seemed as if the instinct of all sufferers drew them to his side. And the madness which he harbored he did not share. Is not this to be rich? this only to be rightly rich?

23. But I shall hear without pain that I play the courtier very ill, and talk of that which I do not well understand. It is easy to see that what is called by distinction society and fashion has good laws as well as bad, has much that is necessary and much that is absurd. Too good for banning, and too bad for blessing, it reminds us of a tradition of the pagan mythology, in any attempt to settle its character. "I overheard Jove, one day," said Silenus, "talking of destroying the earth; he said it had failed; they were all rogues and vixens, who went from bad to worse, as fast as the days succeeded each other. Minerva said she hoped not; they were only ridiculous little creatures with this odd circumstance, that they had a blurr, or indeterminate aspect, seen far or seen near; if you called them bad, they would appear so; if you called them good, they would appear so; and there was no one person or action among them which would not puzzle her owl, much more all Olympus to know whether it was fundamentally bad or good."

23. Is it true that calling a person good or bad helps him to become so? Define *fashion* in the lower and in the higher sense. Give E.'s idea of the cause of fine manners; how they are shown; how they may be cultivated; how the true gentleman is distinguished from the false. In what respects should one's manner be the same to all? What are the most practical thoughts that you have found in this essay?

PŌEMS.

THE SNOW-STORM.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.

And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

HYMN:

SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE CONCORD MONUMENT, APRIL 19, 1836.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

THE HUMBLE-BEE.

Burly, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me,
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid-zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air;
Voyager of light and noon;
Epicurean of June;
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue
And brier-roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

FORBEARANCE.

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

THE RHODORA:

ON BEING ASKED "WHENCE IS THE FLOWER?"

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.

Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

EACH AND ALL.

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Dreams not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home in his nest at even;
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky; —
He sang to my ear, — they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearl to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.
The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,

Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage; —
The gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth:"—
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird; —
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

FORERUNNERS.

Long I followed happy guides,
I could never reach their sides;
Their step is forth, and, ere the day,
Breaks up their leaguer, and away.
Keen my sense, my heart was young,
Right good-will my sinews strung,
But no speed of mine avails
To hunt upon their shining trails.

On and away, their hasting feet
Make the morning proud and sweet;
Flowers they strew, — I catch the scent;
Or tone of silver instrument
Leaves on the wind melodious trace;
Yet I could never see their face.
On eastern hills I see their smokes,
Mixed with mist by distant lochs.
I met many travelers
Who the road had surely kept;
They saw not my fine revelers, —
These had crossed them while they slept.
Some had heard their fair report,
In the country or the court.
Fleetest couriers alive
Never yet could once arrive,
As they went or they returned,
At the house where these sojourned.
Sometimes their strong speed they slacken,
Though they are not overtaken;
In sleep their jubilant troop is near, —
I tuneful voices overhear;
It may be in wood or waste, —
At unawares 'tis come and past.
Their near camp my spirit knows
By signs gracious as rainbows.
I thenceforward and long after,
Listen for their harp-like laughter,
And carry in my heart for days
Peace that hallows rudest ways.

WOODNOTES.

1.

For this present, hard
Is the fortune of the bard,
Born out of time;
All his accomplishment,
From Nature's utmost treasure spent,
Booteth not him.
When the pine tosses its cones
To the song of its waterfall tones,
He speeds to the woodland walks.
To birds and trees he talks.
Cæsar of his leafy Rome,
There the poet is at home.
He goes to the river-side,—
Not hook nor line hath he;—
He stands in the meadows wide,—
Nor gun nor scythe to see.
With none has he to do.
And none seek him,
Nor men below,
Nor spirits dim.
Sure some god his eye enchants.
What he knows nobody wants.
In the wood he travels glad,
Without better fortune had,
Melancholy without bad.
Planter of celestial plants,
What he knows nobody wants;
What he knows he hides, not vaunts.
Knowledge this man prizes best
Seems fantastic to the rest:

Pondering shadows, colors, clouds,
Grass-buds and caterpillar-shrouds,
Boughs on which the wild bees settle,
Tints that spot the violet's petal,
Why Nature loves the number five,
And why the star-form she repeats:
Lover of all things alive,
Wonderer at all he meets,
Wonderer chiefly at himself,—
Who can tell him what he is?
Or how meet in human elf
Coming and past eternities?

2.

And such I knew, a forest seer,
A minstrel of the natural year,
Foreteller of the vernal ides,
Wise harbinger of spheres and tides,
A lover true, who knew by heart
Each joy the mountain dales impart;
It seemed that Nature could not raise
A plant in any secret place,
In quaking bog, on snowy hill,
Beneath the grass that shades the rill,
Under the snow, between the rocks,
In damp fields known to bird and fox,
But he would come in the very hour
It opened in its virgin bower,
As if a sunbeam showed the place,
And tell its long-descended race.
It seemed as if the breezes brought him;
It seemed as if the sparrows taught him;
As if by secret sight he knew
Where, in far fields, the orchis grew.

Many haps fall in the field
Seldom seen by wishful eyes;
But all her shows did Nature yield,
To please and win this pilgrim wise.
He saw the partridge drum in the woods;
He heard the woodcock's evening hymn;
He found the tawny thrush's broods;
And the shy hawk did wait for him;
What others did at distance hear,
And guessed within the thicket's gloom,
Was showed to this philosopher,
And at his bidding seemed to come.

3.

In unploughed Maine he sought the lumberers' gang
Where from a hundred lakes young rivers sprang;
He trode the unplanted forest floor, whereon
The all-seeing sun for ages hath not shone;
Where feeds the moose, and walks the surly bear,
And up the tall mast runs the woodpecker.
He saw beneath dim aisles, in odorous beds,
The slight Linnæa hang its twin-born heads,
And blessed the monument of the man of flowers,
Which breathes his sweet fame through the northern bowers.
He heard, when in the grove, at intervals,
With sudden roar the aged pine tree falls,—
One crash, the death-hymn of the perfect tree,
Declares the close of its green century.
Low lies the plant to whose creation went
Sweet influence from every element;
Whose living towers the years conspired to build,
Whose giddy top the morning loved to gild.

Through these green tents, by eldest Nature dressed,
He roamed, content alike with man and beast.
Where darkness found him he lay glad at night;
There the red morning touched him with its light.
Three moons his great heart him a hermit made,
So long he roved at will the boundless shade.
The timid it concerns to ask their way,
And fear what foe in caves and swamps can stray,
To make no step until the event is known,
And ills to come as evils past bemoan.
Not so the wise; no coward watch he keeps
To spy what danger on his pathway creeps;
Go where he will, the wise man is at home,
His hearth the earth,— his hall the azure dome;
Where his clear spirit leads him, there's his road,
By God's own light illumined and foreshowed.

4.

'Twas one of the charmed days
When the genius of God doth flow,
The wind may alter twenty ways,
A tempest cannot blow;
It may blow north, it still is warm;
Or south, it still is clear;
Or east, it smells like a clover-farm;
Or west, no thunder fear.
The musing peasant lowly great
Beside the forest water sate;
The rope-like pine roots crosswise grown
Composed the network of his throne;
The wide lake, edged with sand and grass,
Was burnished to a floor of glass,
Painted with shadows green and proud
Of the tree and of the cloud.

He was the heart of all the scene;
On him the sun looked more serene;
To hill and cloud his face was known,—
It seemed the likeness of their own;
They knew by secret sympathy
The public child of earth and sky.
"You ask," he said, "what guide
Me through trackless thickets led,
Through thick-stemmed woodlands rough and wide.
I found the water's bed.
The watercourses were my guide;
I traveled grateful by their side,
Or through their channel dry;
They led me through the thicket damp,
Through brake and fern, the beavers' camp,
Through beds of granite cut my road,
And their resistless friendship showed:
The falling waters led me,
The foodful waters fed me,
And brought me to the lowest land,
Unerring to the ocean sand.
The moss upon the forest bark
Was pole-star when the night was dark;
The purple berries in the wood
Supplied me necessary food;
For Nature ever faithful is
To such as trust her faithfulness.
When the forest shall mislead me,
When the night and morning lie,
When sea and land refuse to feed me,
'Twill be time enough to die;
Then will yet my mother yield
A pillow in her greenest field,
Nor the June flowers scorn to cover
The clay of their departed lover."

THE WORLD-SOUL.

Thanks to the morning light,
  Thanks to the foaming sea,
To the uplands of New Hampshire,
  To the green-haired forest free;
Thanks to each man of courage,
  To the maids of holy mind,
To the boy with his games undaunted
  Who never looks behind.

Cities of proud hotels,
  Houses of rich and great,
Vice nestles in your chambers,
  Beneath your roofs of slate.
It cannot conquer folly,—
  Time-and-space-conquering steam,—
And the light-outspeeding telegraph
  Bears nothing on its beam.

The politics are base;
  The letters do not cheer:
And 'tis far in the deeps of history,
  The voice that speaketh clear.
Trade and the street ensnare us,
  Our bodies are weak and worn;
We plot and corrupt each other,
  And we despoil the unborn.

Yet there in the parlor sits
  Some figure of noble guise,—
Our angel, in a stranger's form,
  Or woman's pleading eyes;

Or only a flashing sunbeam
In at the window-pane;
Or Music pours on mortals
Its beautiful disdain.

The inevitable morning
Finds them who in cellars be;
And be sure the all-loving Nature
Will smile in a factory.
Yon ridge of purple landscape,
Yon sky between the walls,
Hold all the hidden wonders
In scanty intervals.

Alas! the Sprite that haunts us
Deceives our rash desire;
It whispers of the glorious gods,
And leaves us in the mire.
We cannot learn the cipher
That's writ upon our cell;
Stars help us by a mystery
Which we could never spell.

If but one hero knew it,
The world would blush in flame;
The sage, till he hit the secret,
Would hang his head for shame.
But our brothers have not read it,
Not one has found the key;
And henceforth we are comforted,—
We are but such as they.

Still, still the secret presses;
The nearing clouds draw down;

The crimson morning flames into
The fopperies of the town.
Within, without the idle earth,
Stars weave eternal rings;
The sun himself shines heartily,
And shares the joy he brings.

And what if Trade sow cities
Like shells along the shore,
And thatch with towns the prairie broad
With railways ironed o'er? —
They are but sailing foam-bells
Along Thought's causing stream,
And take their shape and sun-color
From him that sends the dream.

For Destiny does not like
To yield to men the helm;
And shoots his thought by hidden nerves
Throughout the solid realm.
The patient Dæmon sits,
With roses and a shroud;
He has his way, and deals his gifts,—
But ours is not allowed.

He is no churl nor trifler,
And his viceroy is none,—
Love-without-weakness,—
Of Genius sire and son.
And his will is not thwarted;
The seeds of land and sea
Are the atoms of his body bright,
And his behest obey.

He serveth the servant,
The brave he loves amain;
He kills the cripple and the sick,
And straight begins again;
For gods delight in gods,
And thrust the weak aside;
To him who scorns their charities
Their arms fly open wide.

When the old world is sterile
And the ages are effete,
He will from wrecks and sediment
The fairer world complete.
He forbids to despair;
His cheeks mantle with mirth;
And the unimagined good of men
Is yeaning at the birth.

Spring still makes spring in the mind
When sixty years are told;
Love wakes anew this throbbing heart,
And we are never old.
Over the winter glaciers
I see the summer glow,
And through the wild-piled snowdrift,
The warm rosebuds below.

NOTES.

The one thing attempted in the editorial portions of this little book is to make these parts of service to the pupils who will read it. It has, therefore, seemed better to suggest a search, perhaps even too close, for the poet's literal meaning, rather than to risk leaving an impression of something beautiful, but vague. For facts concerning Emerson's life and for quotations from his journal, the editor is under obligations — as every student of Emerson must be — to E. W. Emerson's *Emerson in Concord*, J. E. Cabot's *Memoir of Emerson*, and O. W. Holmes's *Ralph Waldo Emerson*.

COMPENSATION.

11. **A by-word and a hissing**: Emerson was once hissed at a political meeting in Cambridgeport. A friend who was present said one "could think of nothing but dogs baying at the moon. He was serene as moonlight itself."

12. **Res . . . administrari**: translated in the preceding sentence. **Primeval despots of Egypt**: the Hyksos, or shepherd kings. The journey of Abraham to Egypt (Genesis xii. 10) is assigned to the early part of their reign, and that of Joseph (Genesis xxxvii. 28) to the closing period of their power.

15. **It is in the world**, etc.: cf. John i. 10. **Οἱ . . . εὐπίπτουσι**: translated in the following sentence.

17. **The ingenuity of man**, etc.: cf. the address to the "back-stairs" in Kingsley's *Water-Babies*, Chapter VIII.

19. **Drive out nature with a fork**: this saying is at least two thousand years old. See Horace's *Epistolæ*, I. 10. 24, "Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret." The irreverent modern American illustration of the thought is the story of *Mrs. Partington's* trying to sweep back the Atlantic with her broom.

20. **How secret art thou**, etc.: *Confessions of St. Augustine* (fourth century), Book I. 18.

21. **Prometheus**: the secret was how to avert the predicted fall of Jupiter. It was because of Prometheus's persistent refusal to reveal it that he suffered the torture of the rock and the vulture. **Of all the gods**, etc.: from the *Eumenides* of Æschylus.

22. **The belt which Ajax gave**, etc.: an almost literal translation of lines in the *Ajax* of Sophocles.

23. **Interfering volitions**: originality.

28. **You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong**: Emerson wrote in his journal: "I have confidence in the laws of morals as of botany. I have planted maize in my field every June for seventeen years, and I never knew it come up strychnine."

30. **Obscene**: ill-omened.

33. **Worm worms**: Exodus xvi. 16–21.

34. **It is best to pay in your land a skillful gardener**: this statement is hardly consistent with Emerson's practice. He called raising pears his "expensive vice," and always sent specimens of his fruit to the September exhibition. At last the long-suffering committee called to see what kind of soil it was that produced "such poor specimens of such fine varieties."

36. **No den . . . to hide a rogue**: cf. Webster's famous portrayal of the impossibility of concealing a crime, — *Speech on the Murder of Captain Joseph White*, paragraph 6.

37. **Royal armies sent against Napoleon**: on his escape from Elba. **Winds blow and waters roll**: from Wordsworth's sonnet, "Inland, within a hollow vale I stood."

41. **Mob**: for a description of a mob of Emerson's day, see *Life of Arthur Tappan*, by Lewis Tappan, pages 168–175.

46. **Apparent**: in appearance only.

48. **As the shell-fish**, etc.: cf. Holmes's *Chambered Nautilus*. **A putting off of dead circumstances**: Emerson wrote to his young daughter, who was away at school, bidding her finish every day and be done with it, forget its blunders and absurdities as soon as possible, and begin each new day well and serenely, with a spirit too high to be cumbered with old nonsense.

SELF-RELIANCE.

1. **Speak your latent conviction**: Emerson wrote in his journal, in 1834: "Henceforth I design not to utter any speech, poem, or book that is not entirely and peculiarly my own work."

7. **Abolition**: in 1837, four years before this essay was printed, at a time when the discussion of slavery was permitted in but one church in Boston, Emerson delivered an anti-slavery address in Concord. Its main point was a demand for the right of free thought and free speech. **Barbados**: the inhabitants were chiefly negroes, who were emancipated by England in 1834. **My poor**: Emerson's poor, like those of Charles Lamb, were generally the ones for whom no one else would care.

15. **Alexandrian stanza**: Emerson means the palindrome. One of the most famous is Adam's supposed speech to Eve. — "Madam, I'm Adam." **Contrite wood-life**: humble life with nature. **My book should smell of pines**: Emerson's thinking was done in the woods, summer and winter. His "study" at home was merely to hold his books and afford him a convenient place to write. He says in his journal that he has scarce a day-dream on which the breath of the pines has not blown and their shadows waved.

16. **Chatham**: William Pitt, born 1708. **Adams**: Samuel Adams, "Father of the Revolution." **Ephemeris**: a thing of but transient value. Some of the later editions substitute *ephemera.*

17. **Scipio**: Scipio Africanus Major. **The height of Rome**: *Paradise Lost*, Book IX. 510.

18. **Fable of the sot**: one version is the story of "Christopher Sly" in the induction of the *Taming of the Shrew:* another is that of "Abou Hassan, or the Sleeper Awakened," in the *Arabian Nights.*

19. **Gustavus**: Gustavus Adolphus, or Gustavus II. of Sweden.

21. **That inspiration which giveth man wisdom**: in an address delivered in 1854 he makes his thought even more clear: "Self-reliance, the height and perfection of man, is reliance on God." **Fatal**: inevitable (fated).

34. **A sturdy lad**, etc.: cf. Whittier's *Snowbound*, "Brisk wielder of the birch and rule."

36. **Fletcher**: John Fletcher, the dramatist.

38. **Let not God speak to us, lest we die**: Genesis xx. 19. **Locke** took the position that all our knowledge comes from sensation and reflection, that we have no innate ideas. **Lavoisier** invented a simple chemical terminology to take the place of the absurd one of the alchemists. **Hutton's** theory was that the present condition of the earth's crust is due in greater degree to the action of fire than of water. **Bentham** "found jurisprudence a gibberish and left it a science." (*Macaulay.*) **Spurzheim** is said to have discovered

the fibrous structure of the brain. **Light, unsystematic, indomitable**, etc.: expressed less poetically in his poem, *The World-Soul*, lines 33–36.

39. **It is for want of self-culture**: cf. Curtis's *Prue and I:* "I begin to suspect a man must have Italy and Greece in his heart and mind, if he would ever see them with his eyes." **Merrymen**: followers.

43. **Thousand-cloven tongue**: Acts ii. 1–4.

47. **Las Casas**: Las Cases, who wrote *Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène.*

48. **Phenomenal**: in appearance.

49. **Caliph Ali**: a cousin and devoted follower of Mohammed, a learned man and a poet.

MANNERS.

1. **Feejee** (Fiji): this essay was published in 1844. In 1898 the Fiji Islands contributed several thousand dollars to aid the starving people of India. **Tibboos, Bornoos**: African tribes. Emerson had been reading Heeren's *Historical Researches.*

4. **Sense of power which makes things easy**: "I like people who can do things," Emerson wrote in his journal. He was singularly helpless in some practical matters, especially in the use of tools. When he was working in the garden, his little son called to him, "Take care, papa, you will dig your leg." He said himself that he could split a shingle four ways with one nail. **The right Cæsarian pattern**: the man of many interests, with a specialty.

6. **Fine manners**: Emerson's journal says, "I think there is as much merit in beautiful manners as in hard work."

7. **Faubourg St. Germain**: the knights of St. Germain included those lords created by James II. after the Revolution of 1688, and by his son and grandson. *Notes and Queries*, 2d series, III. 112. Emerson uses the expression as a synonym for the abode of people of fashion. **Hall of the past**: Walhalla, or Valhalla. Westminster Abbey is called "the Valhalla of England."

8. **Tournure**: cast of mind as evinced by their behavior.

9. **Send into everlasting Coventry**: the citizens of Coventry are said to have had at one time so great a dislike to soldiers, that to send a soldier to Coventry was equivalent to excluding him from all social intercourse. **Vich Ian Vohr**: a chief in *Waverley*, Chapter XVI.

"If you Saxon duinhé-wassel [English gentlemen] saw but the Chief with his tail on!" "With his tail on?" echoed Edward in some surprise. "Yes — that is, with all his usual followers, when he visits those of the same rank."

10. **Herald's office**: Heralds' College, or College of Arms.

17. **Captain Symmes**: a real person, who serves the author's purpose as well as the imaginary heroes in whose company he finds himself. **St. Michael's Square**: the order of St. Michael was founded by Louis XI. in 1469, and was at first limited to thirty-six members. Queen Elizabeth was greatly pleased at being made a member, but her wrath was aroused by the discovery that the original limitations had been lost sight of, and that it was no longer the exclusive company of the previous century. Holmes speaks of the St. Michael's pear as being among "the most aristocratic pears," and familiar to Emerson's boyhood.

18. **As Heaven and Earth are fairer, fairer far**: Keats's *Hyperion*.

19. **No bar in their nature**: no mark of inferiority.

20. **Hafiz**: the allegorical, mystical character of Persian poetry appealed strongly to Emerson. See his essay, *Persian Poetry*.

21. **Byzantine**: an ornate style of architecture, marked especially by the free use of gold and of color in decorations.

22. **Osman**: Emerson uses this name in his journals and elsewhere to represent his ideal man.

THE SNOW-STORM.

Notice that it is the personification of the north wind that gives life and the charm of action to the poem. Without this, it would be simply a beautiful picture.

Is the scene laid in a village or in the country? In lines 1–9, which is the most sonorous line? Which words show the severity of the storm? Which words are used in an unusual sense? Is there any special order in *hills*, *woods*, *river*, *heaven*, *farmhouse*? Could *hides* and *veils* be transposed? Is there any special order in *traveler*, *courier*, *friends*, *housemates*? Why is *tumultuous privacy* a good expression? Why is there a break between lines 9 and 10? What is the main subject of lines 1–9? What of lines 10–28? How do lines 1–2 introduce the second part?

Trace the personification in the poem. What adjectives or epithets are applied to the wind? What to its work? How does the poem

show study of nature? How does it show imagination? What expressions show that Emerson knew country life. Does he show knowledge of architecture? What contrast does he suggest at the end of the poem?

Comparing Longfellow's *Rain in Summer* with the *Snow-Storm*, which shows closer observation of details? Comparing Whittier's *Snowbound* with the *Snow-Storm*, which has more of the human element? Which shows the more sympathetic thought of the animals? In these last two poems, which description of the coming of the storm do you prefer? Why? Which description of the scene in the morning is the more simple and natural? Why? Which description of the fireside do you prefer? Why? Is Emerson's poem simply a picture of a snow-storm, or has it a moral?

HYMN:

SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE CONCORD MONUMENT.

Emerson's grandfather, Rev. William Emerson, watched the Concord fight from his own doorstep, and would have taken part in it, if his parishioners had not prevented. His account of it may be found in Emerson's works (Vol. XI., Riverside edition).

William Emerson's sermon of March 13, 1775, on 2 Chronicles xiii. 12, did much to arouse and encourage the brave men of Concord. A few days before the fight he preached even more boldly on "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God."

That the monument should have been placed where the British stood was a great grievance to one of the Concord farmers, and he left money to mark the position occupied by the colonists, and to build a footbridge where the old bridge had stood at the time of the battle. April 19, 1875, the well-known statue of the Minute-man was unveiled. On this occasion Emerson delivered a short address, which is given in full in G. W. Cooke's *Ralph Waldo Emerson*, page 182.

8. "The Concord River is a languid, shallow stream that loiters through broad meadows, which fringe it with rushes and long grasses." (*G. W. Curtis.*)

Describe the Concord fight. What was its value to the colonists? What is the highest motive with which a Concord farmer might have fought? a British soldier? What does *embattled* mean as used here? Explain line 11? What Spirit is meant in line 13? What lines are

figurative? What is the best line in the poem? Why? Is it literal or figurative?

THE HUMBLE-BEE.

16. Emerson's son calls attention to the fact that his father's early verses scan and rhyme perfectly, but lack the originality of his later work. Emerson himself writes (*The Poet*) that what makes a poem is not metres, but "a thought so passionate and alive that . . . it has an architecture of its own, and adorns nature with a new thing."

57. Cf. Emerson's lines *To J. W.*:—

> "Life is too short to waste
> In critic peep or cynic bark."

Why would Emerson be more inclined to write on a bee than on a nightingale or a skylark? How is imagination shown in line 2? Why does Emerson connect the bee with the torrid zone? In stanza 3, which is the most poetical line? How is *green* applicable to *silence?* Why had the bee seen no evil? Would lines 54–55 be a good motto? Which adjectives or epithets applied to the bee show observation, and which show imagination? What words show that Emerson noticed color, light, sound, motion, fragrance? Judging from this poem, which of these seemed to give him most pleasure? Where is the most beautiful description? Which lines would make the best pictures? Why does Emerson call the bee *wise?* What lines of the poem are apart from his personal experience? Explain the last two lines. Why would the metre of the *Snow-Storm* have been inappropriate to this subject?

FORBEARANCE.

Emerson had little sympathy with a purely scientific knowledge of nature. He says, in *Blight*:—

> "But these young scholars who invade our hills,
> Bold as the engineer who fells the wood,
> And traveling often in the cut he makes,
> Love not the flower they pluck, and know it not,
> And all their botany is Latin names."

3. Daniel i. 8–14.

Is a man likely to be a better naturalist because he is a good sportsman? What pleasures has the one addressed in the poem given up?

Does he receive any compensation? What is "high behavior"? What kind of ideals lead to it? What kind of *speech* is meant in line 6? Does Emerson mean that he would not express his appreciation? What qualities does he desire in a friend?

THE RHODORA.

Describe the home of the rhodora. Why does Emerson describe the place before the flower? Which seems to have been first in his mind, the picture or the moral? Is the moral contained in lines 9–12, or 13–16? Why is beauty "its own excuse for being"? Does Emerson suggest that the rhodora's beauty is of any use? Can beauty of any kind be wasted? What do you mean by a thing's being wasted?

EACH AND ALL.

Emerson's belief that "all are needed by each one," he carried into the world of human beings as well as that of nature. He himself said that much of the best society he had ever known was in a club at Concord called the Social Circle, consisting always of twenty-five citizens, — doctor, lawyer, farmer, trader, miller, mechanic, etc., solidest of men, who yielded the solidest of gospel. His son says that Emerson always liked to speak with the fishermen, wood-choppers, and drivers of cattle whom he met on his walks. He never took an attitude of superiority. The story is told of a working woman who admitted that she did not understand his lectures. "But," she said, "I like to go and see him stand up there and look as if he thought every one was as good as he was." In this Emerson is like Whittier, who, Mrs. Field says, liked nothing better than going into "the store" at Amesbury, and sitting on a barrel to hear "folks talk."

32. **Choir**: a company moving rhythmically.

In what part of a poem is the main thought usually placed? Is Emerson careful to follow the custom? Which two lines give the main thought of this poem? Which of these two do lines 1–10 illustrate? In how many ways? Is there any climax in these illustrations? What are Emerson's three illustrations of the second line of the main thought? Is there any special arrangement of the objects enumerated in lines 40–47? In lines 1–36, why has he found beauty deceptive? In lines 37–39, does he mean that truth is opposed to beauty? (Cf. line 12.) Is it beauty, or his interpretation of beauty, that has

received him? Can one person see all the beauty in a landscape? Why? Can one person see all the truth on any subject? Would Emerson's reasoning in line 12 apply to truth? What happens if we give up trying to see more truth? (Cf. *Self-Reliance*, 26, sentence 2; also Matthew xxv. 29.) What lines seem to you best worth remembering?

FORERUNNERS.

An exquisite little poem, expressing metaphorically the thought that even if perfection is unattainable, the nearer one comes to it, the more perfect is one's possession of the "peace that hallows rudest ways." Do not try to interpret the metaphors literally.

4. **Leaguer**: camp.

36. **Laughter**: here, as also in the *World-Soul*, 102, Emerson thinks of laughter as a mark of joy, rather than of amusement. He says in his journal, "The wise are always cheerful"; but he had no sympathy with the "loud laugh that shows the vacant mind."

Note the words used in an unusual manner; the comparisons; the musical lines; the delicacy of the traces left by the "happy guides." Comparing this poem with the *Humble-Bee*, in which are color, sound, fragrance, more distinct? Why? In line 3, what is the subject of *breaks?* What are the associations with the harp (line 36)? Why compare this laughter to the harp, rather than to the flute or the piano? Is any part of this poem literal?

WOODNOTES.

This description of the "forest seer" applies so well to Emerson's friend Thoreau that it has often, but erroneously, been thought to picture him. Much of it was written before Emerson knew Thoreau, and seems to be a kind of presaging of the friend to come. See biographical sketch of Thoreau in Emerson's works (Riverside edition, Vol. X., page 421).

1–12. Even this slight and almost conventional touch of repining is omitted in later editions.

30. **Fantastic**: unreal.

35. Thoreau talks of the "mysteries of the number six."

63. **Haps**: happening upon what he most wished to see.

101. **Event**: result.

130. **Public**: belonging to all nature.

1.

Lines 13–16: cf. *Forbearance*, lines 1–2. Line 22: is the poet glad because of this, or does he repine? Line 35: illustrate nature's use of the number five and the star-form. Lines 40–42: how does Emerson's thought suddenly broaden? Cf. *Each and All*, lines 9–10.

2.

How was this lover of nature a "seer"? What is the "natural year"? What is the derivation of *harbinger?* What "spheres" are meant? Why are they coupled with tides in Emerson's thought? Can one know nature if he does not love her? Can you understand a person whom you dislike? Why? In line 58, what does *and* connect? What is meant by "its long-descended race"?

3.

Line 82: from whom does the Linnæa take its name? Who is the "man of flowers"? Lines 89–93: explain *plant*, *living towers*, *green tents*. How were the tents "by eldest Nature dressed"? Line 97: how could his "great heart" make him a hermit? Why did he not need to ask his way? Cf. line 105; also *Self-Reliance*, 39, "The wise man," etc.

4.

From the change of metre do you expect a lighter or a more serious theme? Line 117: why is the peasant "lowly great"? Line 123: why does Emerson call the shadows "proud"? How has he shown his knowledge of nature and his sympathy with her? What irregularities of metre do you notice? Are they a blemish? What is the moral of this poem?

THE WORLD-SOUL.

Emerson thinks of the world as possessing a soul, and as being capable of good and of evil. Over the world is its guardian spirit, or dæmon, that will lead it to final good. In the first stanza, Emerson hopes for good from the analogy of nature; in the second and third, he pictures the evil in the world; in stanzas 4–8, the nearness of good; in 6–10, the certainty that good will triumph.

3. Emerson makes many references to New Hampshire. He liked to use tools that lay at hand, and he valued especially the view of

Mount Monadnock that could be had from Concord. It was to the White Mountains that he went when the most difficult decision of his life was to be made. See Cabot's *Memoir of Emerson*, page 155.

25. A quaint reference to the parlors of earlier New England, sacred to weddings, funerals, and the minister's calls.

31–32. A marvelous phrase to come from one who "could not surely recognize the commonest airs." But Emerson had what he called "musical eyes." He believed that the same moods that melodies waken in the lovers of audible music were aroused in him by the beauty that he saw everywhere in nature. As he put it, "That which others hear, I see."

40. **Intervals**: spaces. Cf. *Compensation*, 13, 14.

41. **Sprite**: spirit, *i.e.*, the wish for perfection.

48. **Spell**: as used by Milton, — to learn the meaning of anything by study.

78. **Roses and a shroud**: gifts of life and of death. Cf. quotation from Caliph Ali in *Self-Reliance*, 49.

84. The genius, with Emerson, is he who can interpret truth.

89–96. The Spirit of final good, whose viceroy is Love without weakness, appreciates and saves all that is good.

92. Emerson's favorite idea of laying aside the past and making a fresh beginning. See second note to *Compensation*, 48.

105. Emerson says that a walk in the woods is "one of the secrets for dodging old age."

Why is Emerson grateful to the *light*, *sea*, *uplands*, etc.? What does he learn from women? (Cf. *Self-Reliance*, 20.) What does he learn from boys? (Cf. *Self-Reliance*, 5.) In line 13, what is the antecedent of "it"? What is the prose order of lines 14, 15? What does Emerson wish to keep pace with the new inventions? (Line 20; cf. *Hymn*, line 4.) Explain "the shot heard round the world." Was its meaning any more "clear" than the shots of the Civil War? What is the original meaning of *angel*? Why should music "disdain" mortals? Do we generally use the word *inevitable* of pleasant or of unpleasant things? Why does Emerson speak of men as being in a cell? What does he mean by the "cipher" and the "secret"? In line 61, what does "within, without" mean? What are the "eternal rings"? In lines 65–72, what comfort does he find for lines 9–24? Why does he speak of Thought as having a "causing stream"? Which are more real and powerful to Emerson's mind,

cities or thoughts? What is the meaning of *Dæmon?* Does line 8 mean that we are helpless to choose our own way? Who is the "viceroy"? What Spirit, then, does Emerson think rules the world? Is his belief pessimistic or optimistic? In lines 89–92, what is the work of Love? Does line 91 mean that Love destroys the wrong-doer, or the wrong? Give the outline of the poem. Give its main thought. How does this thought compare with Tennyson's: —

> "O yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill." — *In Memoriam*, 54

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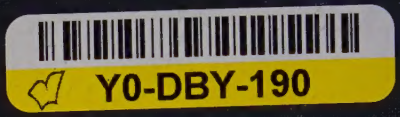
The stories contained in this book are selected from the works of Irving, Poe, Hawthorne, Bret Harte, Stevenson, Kipling, Stockton, Mary Wilkins Freeman, Henry Cuyler Bunner, and O. Henry.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